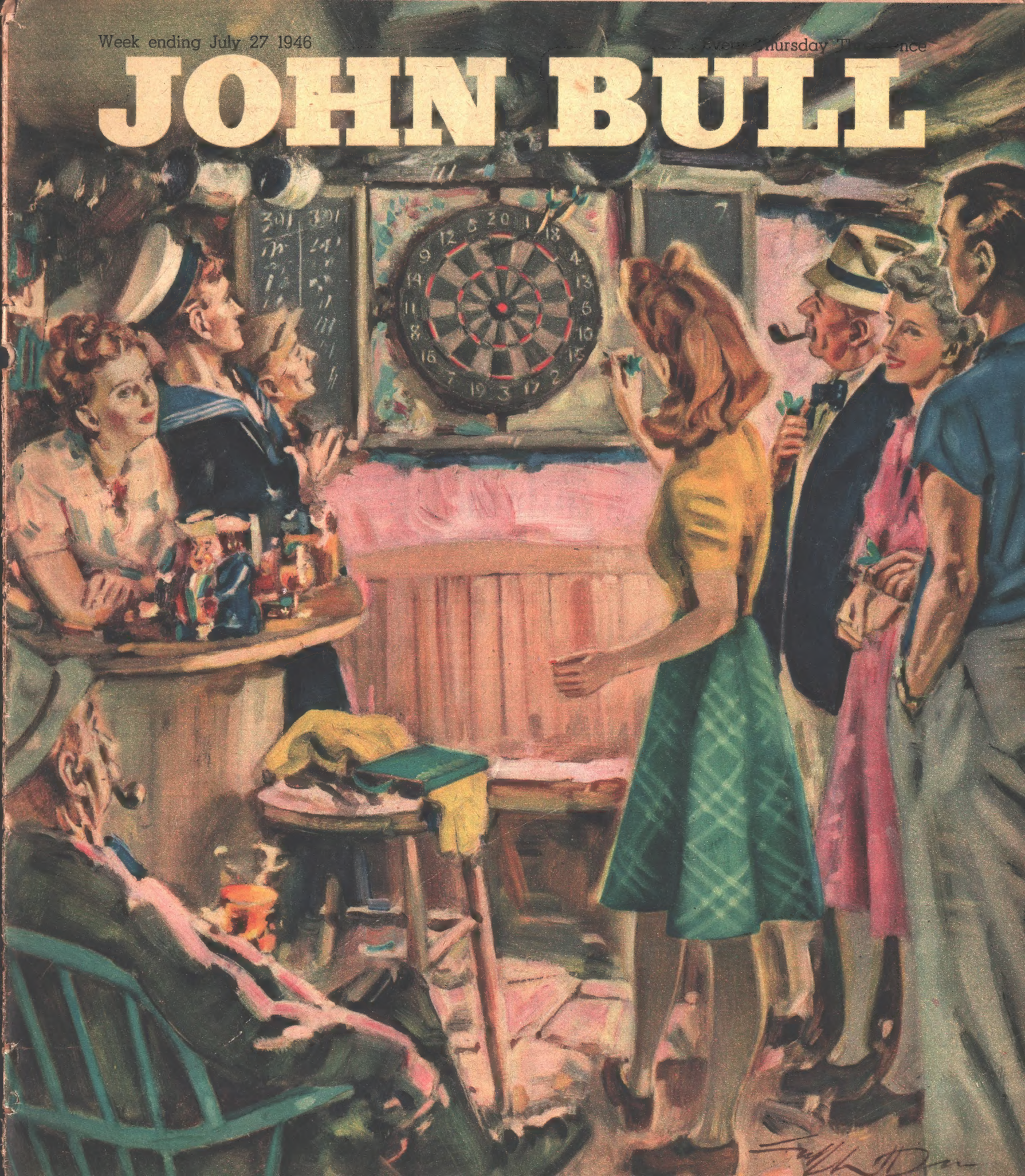
Week ending July 27 1946

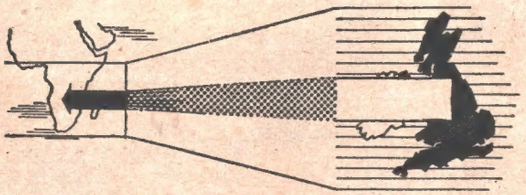
Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

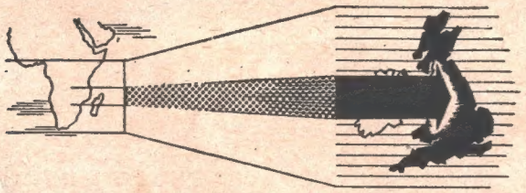


WHAT EXPORTS MEAN TO US

Sending machinery to S. Africa



means hides for Britain . . .



When you go shopping for shoes you take your money with you. When Britain goes shopping for the hides with which to make the shoes, she takes with her the things the hide-producing countries need in return.

These are our exports — machinery, vehicles, chemicals and a vast variety of manufactured goods. They pay for much of the food we eat; they pay for most of the raw materials we need to keep our factories humming. Before the shops will be full again we must rebuild our export trade.

FILL THE SHIPS and we shall FILL THE SHOPS

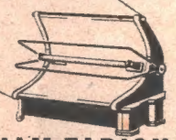
Issued by the Board of Trade

THE pharmacist insists on accuracy. Take a "drop" of liquid, for instance. The gravity-formed "drop" can vary in size, so he uses the "minim" measure shown here. This extreme accuracy is essential when measuring potent fluid medicaments, of which the prescribed dose may be only one or two minims. Long practice and skilled training make the pharmacist a stickler for accuracy—and for quality in the goods that he dispenses and recommends. The pharmacist's advice is always sound.

Ask his opinion of

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

localised warmth



A Graham-Farish electric fire enjoys a roving commission. Upstairs, downstairs, it gives you warmth wherever there's an electric plug. It is strongly and soundly built but wonderfully light. A Graham-Farish fire bought today will prove its worth in the chilly evenings later on. 23/6 as shown with brilliant aluminium reflector.

Graham-Farish Limited, Bromley, Kent. Branches at Bristol and Manchester

GRAHAM-FARISH PORTABLE **ELECTRIC FIRES**

CVS-154

THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR SOLE

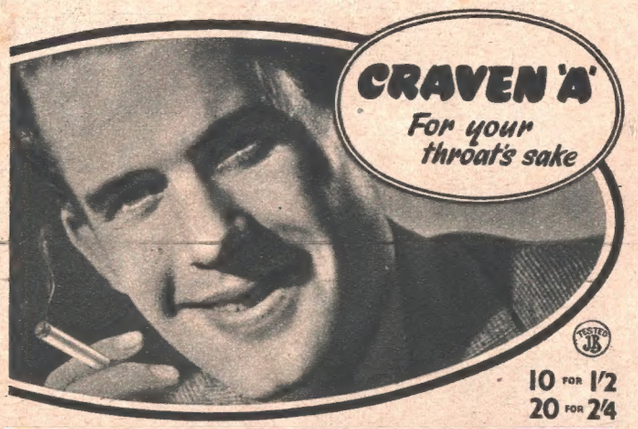
The World supply of hides is insufficient to satisfy all demands, which include those of liberated countries; war wastages everywhere have been on a serious scale.

Therefore Britain may not have adequate supplies of leather for some time.

When you walk on good British Leather you will not hesitate to agree that it is at least as good as ever.

The United Tanners Federation, 8 St. Thomas St., London, S.E.1

E.W.G.



10 FOR 1/2
20 FOR 2/4

CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

1280

Your Dog's Health!

Don't neglect the health of your dog. A regular dose of George Bell's Blood Salts is the up-to-date way of keeping him fit. George Bell's Blood Salts provide the extra Vitamin B_1 which dogs need. They act as a blood tonic and prevent eczema, skin eruptions, scratching and itching, loss of appetite, sluggishness, constipation, etc. **In packets of 10 for 7d.**, from Chemists and Pet Shops everywhere.

Buy a packet to-day while it's on your mind.

★ **If unable to obtain, send P.O. for 2/6 direct to Bell & Sons, Ltd., Veterinary Chemists, Liverpool, 13, for LARGE post-free packet of FIFTY Powders.**

GEORGE **BELL'S BLOOD SALTS** for Dogs

★VITAMIN B_1 ADDED

GOSH! They're just WIZARD for SUMMER COLDS

It is because I was so constantly undone with Summer Colds that I am now so tremendously enthusiastic about Beecham's Powders. They are more than wonderful: they are WIZARD! No longer do I get colds that hang on and on. No, sir! Instantly, on the slightest suggestion of a cold, I take a Beecham's Powder, and well it just 'curls up.'

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d. each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½d EACH

ACT LIKE MAGIC

When Summer sets in with its usual severity

keep warm with

Victory V

GUMS & LOZENGES

2 ozs. 6d. NO POINTS

N8a

I prefer..

Nufix the quality hair dressing made from a base containing vegetable oil, unequalled for eliminating dryness of the scalp and hair. For a well-groomed appearance and healthy hair there's nothing like Nufix.

NUFIX

QUALITY DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

WALDEN & CO. (NUFIX) LTD., THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9

SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED

A 'material' difference

Fine cloth and eight pleats cleverly cut to make the most and the least of your waistline! The new GOR-RAY non-austerity skirt slims and never 'seats'. It's not expensive and the best shops everywhere stock it. Be sure to look for the genuine GOR-RAY label

GOR-RAY Registered

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W 1

LIQUID or SOLID

"BLANCO" BRAND REG'D

The Original WHITE CLEANER for CANVAS and BUCKSKIN SHOES

Warning Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd., Sheffield, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners are called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

It was the last straw—meeting him!

"Well, whatever the wind had done to my hair, it was a comfort to know my make-up was intact." You always know that when you use Icilma. For Icilma Foundation Cream and Face Powder stay on smooth, matt and glamorous for hours. Wherever you go, whoever you meet, you can be confident you're looking lovely!

Icilma FOUNDATION CREAM IN JARS 2/2, 10½d

Also Face Powder and Cleansing Cold Cream, both at 2/2 and 10½d

IC 310-943 ICILMA CO. LTD., ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX

Label Fable No. 7 **NIGHT LIFE IN MAYFAIR**

1 "Lumme, what luck! Them shrunk-up pyjamas got you Muscle-Bound. Where's 'er Ladyship's jewels?"

2 "Thanks, me Lord, and I say! When you buy new pyjamas better look for that 'Sanforized' label."

3 Weeks later: Next burglar found a Battling Lord Bertie wearing 'Sanforized'-Shrunk pyjamas — they can't shrink even 1%.

4 Who's afraid of Burglars now? When YOU buy pyjamas, shirts, overalls, look for this label . . .

•SANFORIZED•

Will not shrink out of fit

It's a pleasure to use Croid Glue

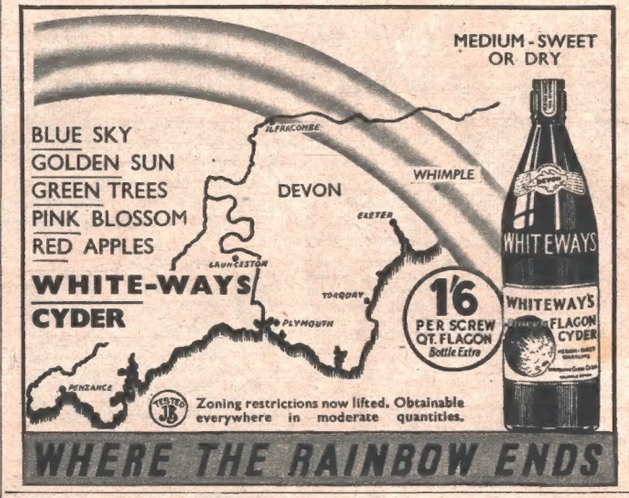
THE WORLD'S STRONGEST

ALWAYS READY FOR USE NO MESSY PREPARATION

FOR THE HOME | **FOR THE WORKS**

Send your glue problems to CROID LTD., (formerly Improved Liquid Glues Co. Ltd.), 96 Bridge Rd. East, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

(Contractors to H.M. Government.)



Zoning restrictions now lifted. Obtainable everywhere in moderate quantities.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS

Mum says:

SOAP COUPONS are sure HEALTH COUPONS when you buy LIFEBUOY

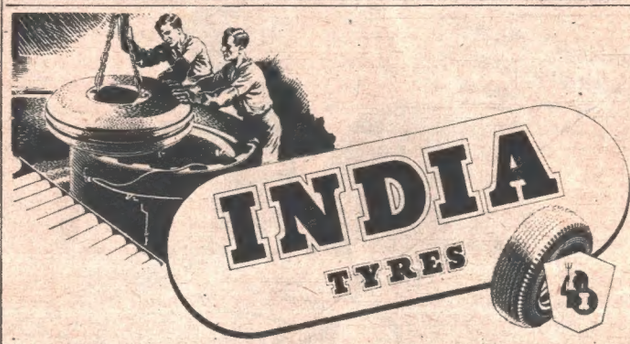
Lifebuoy guards health in the home. It removes infection risks by washing away the germs in dirt. It adds health protection to your soap ration.

L 433-943

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

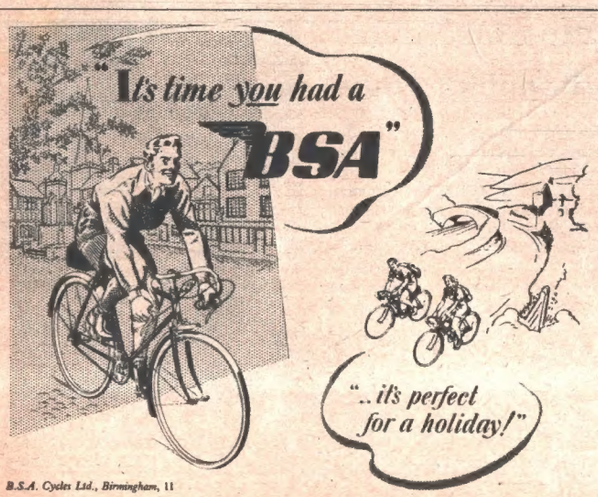
Tintex

THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING HOME DYE



All material things being equal, it is INDIA craftsmanship that builds "the finest tyres made"

INDIA TYRE & RUBBER CO. LTD., INCHINNAN, SCOTLAND



B.S.A. Cycles Ltd., Birmingham, 11

BRINGS BACK to darkened blonde hair the rich, golden beauty of childhood.
PREVENTS light hair from darkening with age.
Contains no dyes or injurious bleaches

THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

. . so much more than just an Antiseptic

"Mars ARE MARVELLOUS"

They certainly are! Just chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish.

3d.

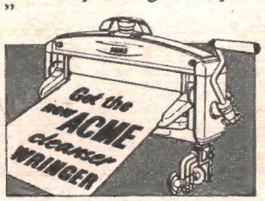
MARS CONFECTIONS LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

YOU NEED AN ACME WRINGER, MRS. JONES!

Mrs. Jones washes for five people, two grownups, two school children, one baby—everything, every week. Heavy jerseys, flannel shorts, gym tunics, men's pyjamas and shirts—she wrings them all wearisomely by hand. "It's real hard work," she owned to me, "and they take ages to dry—in winter it's awful!"

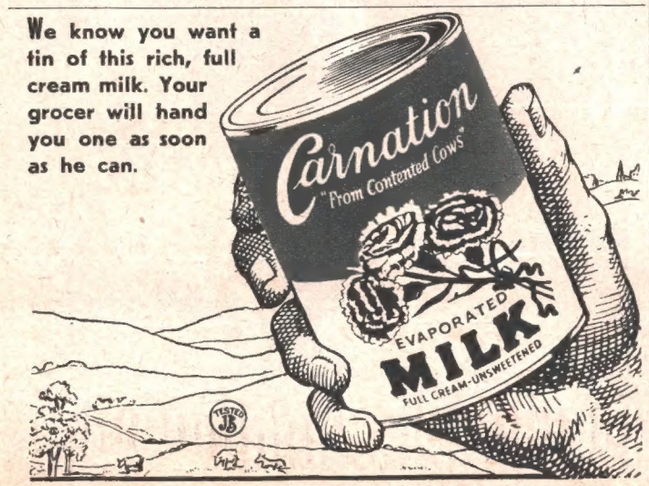
Mrs. Jones needs a wringer—the beautifully efficient post-war Acme, which will wring out all those heavy garments (light ones too) with no strain on herself, and cut drying time down by half, and give her the ideal wash. Acme rollers are specially made to wring thick blankets as easily as babies' nappies—Mrs. Jones just controls the pressure herself. Washday needn't be such a burden, Mrs. Jones—let an Acme help you.

16" model 84/- 14" model 82/-
Purchase Tax extra



ACME WRINGERS LTD., DAVID STREET, GLASGOW, S.E.

John Mackintosh & Sons Ltd., Toffee Town, Halifax



We know you want a tin of this rich, full cream milk. Your grocer will hand you one as soon as he can.

---

sPA

LOW MELTING POINT
GELATINE
GUARANTEED PURE FOOD

is more help in good cooking than almost anything since Mrs. Beeton wrote her Cookery Book.* Mrs. Beeton would have loved "Spa," which goes well with so many foods and "steps up" their value. And she would have given full marks to the special "Spa" recipe book, available at 2d. from most retailers, or from address below.

"Spa" is 1/- per ½ lb. See that you are served from the "Spa" tin.

** Before Mrs. Beeton's day, good cooking was the privilege of the rich. Her book taught women-folk how to eat well on a modest purse. She died (in 1865) at the early age of 28, but the work she started has continued ever since.*

B. YOUNG & CO. LTD.
2 "SPA" WORKS, GRANGE RD., LONDON, S.E.1

What's the secret?

PRIORY COFFEE

Obtainable only in ½lb. tins and jars

Quicken the patient's metabolism

and you quicken recovery

WHAT is "metabolism"? Metabolism is the scientific name for the process which is constantly going on in our bodies: the breakdown of food during digestion and the absorption by the body of the different nutrients needed to replace energy.

During illness this process is slowed down, and it must be speeded up to normal before the patient can get on the road to recovery.

Food is what is needed to quicken metabolism, but often the patient has no desire for food. Doctors therefore recommend light, easily digested soups and meat extracts.

Recent tests at a famous institute have shown that, of these, Brand's Essence is outstandingly successful in raising the rate of metabolism.

Besides, Brand's Essence is *tempting* to the invalid. A few spoonfuls immediately raise the metabolic rate, and very soon appetite begins to come back. Brand's Essence costs only 3/- a bottle.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

Ah, who will give us blackbirds the heart to say "Tweet-tweet"! Our finest fruit is stolen; we've nothing nice to eat. Our vegetable banquets have gone to Farrow's fans; the suppers that we sang for are sealed away in cans.

FARROW'S

FOR CHOICE English Canned Fruits and Vegetables

By appointment Cyder Makers to H.M. KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd. Attleborough & London

Even Newton couldn't solve this one!

Newton told us what caused the apple to fall upon his worthy head. But we wonder if our many friends know just why supplies of Gaymer's Cyder fall short of requirements. The same law that sped the apple sped the bomb that damaged our plant 5 years ago. This loss of vital machinery together with transport difficulties, lack of labour, shortage of stocks and containers, are unavoidably curtailing production and deliveries. We hope that the difficulties of our situation will be borne in mind whenever Gaymer's is in short supply.

Gaymer's CYDER

FAMOUS FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS

Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady

Mary had always wanted a cuddly puppy, so you can imagine the shrieks of delight when Grandpa brought along Fluffy for her birthday present. Of course, Grandpa was told that he spoils Mary, but he knows he does nothing of the sort. Mother sees to that! For Mother is very particular about Mary's training and upbringing—even to the soap that she uses. From the earliest days Mary has been washed only with Pears Soap and clear water—the secret of Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady.

PEARS SOAP

We regret that Pears Transparent Soap is in short supply just now.

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

GG 382/621

MONEY MADNESS HAS A LESSON

by THE EDITOR

TWICE IN THE LIFETIME OF everyone aged thirty or more, the world has been given a sobering picture of the worth of elaborately printed banknotes, whether the imprint reads francs, marks, lire, pengoes or yen.

The first picture was given after the 1914-18 war, when German finance collapsed in an orgy of note-printing.

The second picture can be seen today in Hungary, where the pengo, once a reputable unit of currency, has been withdrawn from circulation after reaching the crazy point where millions were needed to buy articles which we in Britain can purchase for sixpence.

All this is no bankers' frolic.

Financial frenzies begin in war-shattered countries where goods are scarce and governments weak. As panic develops, confidence in paper money is destroyed.

When that happens, wage-earners and people with small, fixed incomes suffer to a degree we can hardly imagine, even after the recent spasm of soaring prices in America and our own more modest rises.

British soldiers overseas found the clue to it all. Real wealth was a matter, not of banknotes, but of cigarettes, silk stockings, tins of bully beef. In other words, goods.

So the two pictures lead to a lesson—that money ceases to have any meaning once it is incapable of buying the goods we need. And that in these dangerous times money can be kept in a sensible, fixed relation to the things it buys only by price control for goods and self-control for governments.

And in the long run, by fair, international monetary agreements, scrupulously honoured.

THESE ACRES NEED THE PLOUGH

DURING THE WAR YEARS the War Office became our leading land-grabber, but nobody grudged a single acre, because the land was being used to train troops.

Towards the end, the War Office and Air Ministry together had requisitioned more land than the entire acreage brought into production by new methods of drainage and other forms of reclamation. The War Office has done well in releasing more than eight and a half million acres since June, 1944.

But it retains its hold on two and a half million acres that are needed for agriculture if we are to succeed in solving part of the food problem by home production.

The reason given is that this land is still needed for the training of our new army.

Yet Germany has many broad acres where troops may train.

Conscripted troops should do their preliminary training in existing barracks here and their tactical training overseas.

Yes, the War Office has done well. It can do better still by surrendering those desolate, waterlogged meadows which call imperatively for the attention, not of the bulldozer, the Bren gun carrier or the tank, but the plough.

DOWN FROM THE IVORY TOWER

AGAIN THE SCIENTISTS. The atom bomb has done more than change strategical ideas. It has made those very people whose painstaking research led to its development conscious of a duty to the public.

That is the background to the announcement that the British Association—possibly the greatest scientific body in the world—has decided to form its own "Ministry of Information." Regular announcements are to be made about new scientific discoveries and developments.

This follows an earlier meeting between scientists of the Chemical Council and journalists, who were asked how they would like scientific information to be distributed.

Scientific achievements usually mature very slowly, with little or no vivid climax. Knowing this, scientists have tended to resent the dramatization—necessary for a one-day presentation—of the progress that has followed years of intense, detailed study.

Thus the public has suffered from lack of accurate information about things that vitally affect it.

Scientists wish to accept responsibility for their work. They realize that they have a duty to the laymen who may live (or die) by their discoveries.

It is good to hear that they are coming down from their ivory tower to tell us what's cooking up there.

YOU CAN'T RIDE 'EM BAREBACK

PLEA FOR THE HARD-HIT TOWNS

ONE OF THE WAR'S greatest injustices is being remedied—but only bit by bit.

This is the commercial tragedy of the thousands of traders, hotel-keepers and other business and professional people in south-eastern England who were ruined, while their opposite numbers in north-western England and Wales prospered.

None of the otherwise excellent machinery for war damage compensation alleviates the "invisible" hardships of these people. But a small step in the right direction was taken this month when the maximum loan for business reconstruction obtainable by small traders in the hard-hit towns was raised from £150 to £500.

Even then Charles Key, of the Ministry of Health, was unable to promise definitely that people who had already borrowed on the old scale would now be permitted to borrow more up to the new limit.

A more generous outlook is needed. The public conscience demands it.

Let us face the fact that many citizens are suffering because an accident of war-time geography closed down their livelihood.

Surely after total war there must be total sharing of the cost?

Or are the agony and desolation of Dover and her sister towns of the front line already forgotten in Blackpool and Colwyn Bay?

IS IT BROTHERHOOD OR

Backed by apparently limitless money-power, Dr. Frank Buchman and his Oxford Group have declared war on "sin" in Britain. It sounds a laudable idea but investigation shows disturbing features. Is "religion" being used to camouflage political aims? Does Buchman's creed bring moral uplift—or a false emotionalism? This JOHN BULL Inquiry will help you to judge

WHEN MISS MAE WEST, a gentleman's outfitter and a manufacturer of ready-mixed cocktails—to mention just three of Dr. Frank Buchman's converts to "moral re-armament"—decide between them to save democracy in general and my soul in particular, it is reasonable for me to inquire (a) just what their programme is; (b) how they propose to implement it; and (c) what qualifications they possess for their task.

I have, therefore, spent considerable time investigating the aims, methods and implications of the Oxford Group and its "moral re-armament" campaign.

We must start with Dr. Buchman himself—a man whose personality and ideas have evoked scathing denunciation from opponents such as Tom Driberg, M.P., and almost hysterical adulation from his followers ("he is a man in all things uniquely original"—Peter Howard).

Well dressed, fond of luxury hotels, suave yet demagogic, Buchman is a Lutherian. He was born in Pennsburg, U.S.A., sixty-eight years ago. He has been an itinerant revivalist ever since, in 1921, he founded a "new religious movement known as a First Century Christian Fellowship" (*Who's Who*, 1928).

Later editions of the same reference work containing his biography give contradictory versions, e.g. "visited Oxford in 1921 where in Christ Church the Oxford Group was founded." In fact the description "Oxford Group" was only adopted in recent years and has been retained in face of strong opposition from university men.

Dr. Buchman received his Doctorate of Divinity from a Muhlenberg College. *Who's Who* says that he studied at Cambridge University, 1921-22, but according to *Who's Who* in America he went to a non-university theological college in Cambridge.

The Oxford Group is registered at Somerset House as "an association not for profit" and its articles of association give as its objects "the advancement of the Christian religion and in particular by the means and in accordance with the principles of the Oxford Group Movement."

It is empowered to administer group property, accept gifts, appeal for donations, print and publish periodicals, rent, build and construct premises and engage in investments and charities.

It has no share capital, and its directors are: Frank Nathan Daniel Buchman (U.S.), Robert Michael Stewart Barrett, M.A., of 4 Succoth Place, Edinburgh; John Trevor Caulfield, M.A., of Stour House, Nayland, Suffolk; Basil Robert Entwistle, B.A., of 21 Craybrook Road, Sidcup, Kent; Andrew Stewart Loudon Hamilton, 11 Hatton Place, Edinburgh; Cecil Hamilton de Vere Harvest, of 3 Gloucester Mansions, S.W.7; Roger Osmund Hicks, of 4 Hays Mews, W.1; Garth Dickinson Lean, M.A., of 114 Pencisely Road, Cardiff; John McCook Roots (U.S.), of 4 Hays Mews, W.1; Herbert Kenaston Twitchell (U.S.), of 5 Oakhill Park, N.W.3, and Roland Whitwell Wilson, M.A., of 28 Kingswood Avenue, Bromley, Kent.

Its bank balance stood at £120,261 10s. 2d. on September 30, 1945, and among recent gifts (none of the donors specified) was one of £11,000.

Except for the sketchy and general terms given in its articles of association at Somerset House, London, the company does not distribute to the public any statement of accounts. It has no precise programme or terms of reference.

Inquiry at its comfortable headquarters in Berkeley Square (a house bought by supporters and presented to Dr. Buchman) and at Hays Mews (the two places are connected by underground passage, anyway) elicited the information: "We are not an organization, but a philosophy. There are no conditions of membership and therefore no members."

No Worry About Money

It is, none the less, an efficiently run, highly organized concern with ample funds, abundant supplies of paper, skilled propagandists and influential supporters. Its propaganda is unorthodox, its methods are vaguely militant.

It is claimed that none of its workers receives a salary, but generous expenses enable them to undertake long and expensive journeys between countries widely separated with no worry about money. There are groups in Scandinavia, America, Holland, China and India. Members stay at expensive hotels and organize house-parties, public meetings and receptions.

The group has just bought a hotel at Lucerne, Switzerland, for £60,000. Recently, a small committee purchased the Westminster Theatre in London and gave it to the movement for the presentation of plays dealing with "moral re-armament." A flood of leaflets, circulars, books, posters, lantern slides, films, and specially-written songs and plays is produced.

Over 15,000 "group leaders"—trained at their special school in London—are at work in this country. Over 550 local authorities in Britain have identified themselves, at one time or another, with the movement, which has seventy supporters in the House of Commons. Outside supporters include Lord Mayors, business chiefs and trade union personalities.

The present campaign, according to a statement given to me by Garth Lean, a director and propagandist-organizer, "will be a three-pronged drive for three things—sound homes, a revolutionary conception of teamwork in industry and united nations."

The statement adds: "Democracy cannot win through in a world of ideologies unless she too has a philosophy, a plan of advance, a passion which can grip the heart, mind and muscle of millions . . . we believe we can give democracy that ideology."

The Oxford Group, Garth Lean told me, aims at changing nations by changing individuals. I asked why a religious movement spent so much time and money in proselytizing business men and well-to-do people. He replied that industry was the most important thing of all. Totalitarianism, of right or left, must be avoided.

The movement is sending "trained M.R.A. teams" to industrial centres and by means of songs, meetings, films and literature is, by its own account, introducing a new "spirit." Extravagant claims are made for its efforts, which are said to have maintained morale in occupied countries, speeded up production, and prevented labour disputes by engendering a co-operative spirit between management and labour.

Having a "Quiet Time"

The backbone of it all is "changing." You confess your sins at Buchmanite house-parties. You are enjoined to "ABSOLUTE HONESTY, ABSOLUTE PURITY, ABSOLUTE UNSELFISHNESS and ABSOLUTE LOVE." These modest demands fulfilled, you now cultivate the daily "quiet time" during which the Oxford Grouper becomes "tuned in" to God, who gives "guidance" which is carefully written down.

Another great institution is "sharing." In an agreeable atmosphere of cakes and tea and good fellowship, there is mutual confession between groupers. This is important because "what stops guidance is sin."

Buchmanite literature is rich in stories of miracles achieved through "changing." There is a distinct air of moral superiority in these accounts, leaving me with the uncomfortable suspicion that such procedures are as likely to engender self-righteousness as righteousness. From others, whose good faith I am not entitled to question, I have had very different accounts.

A lawyer, once a Buchmanite, told me: "The atmosphere of these house-parties was ludicrous and unhealthy. The spectacle of young men with mild and colourless pasts racking their brains for sins and confessing trivial things—and discussing intimate problems of no concern but to themselves—was far from dignified. I shan't easily forget a young man elbowing his way through the groups and throwing his pipes on to the fire, exclaiming loudly: 'That's my gift to Jesus!'"

My informant left the movement.

Another man, who has followed the activities of the movement for many years, and whose sister and daughters joined it, told me:

"From the moment they joined, the disintegration in their characters became apparent. Convinced that the most casual thoughts that came into their heads during 'quiet time' were the promptings of the Almighty, they became so dogmatic as to be incapable of reasoned argument. This conviction, removing as it did any conflict of

BIG BUSINESS? ★ ★ ★ by DENNIS BARDENS

Dr. Frank Buchman presents Mae West with a book on moral re-armament. Mae is an Oxford Group convert

will, certainly gave them a feeling of elation, but its effect was to make them substitute intuition for personal responsibility."

The Oxford Group has often been accused of being pro-German. The criticism is perhaps unfair, for many people were misguided before the war and said things about Germany that they now regret. Dr. Buchman was reported as having said: "Thank God for Hitler."

Himmler—"A Great Lad"

During the Olympic Games in 1936, he asked Kenneth Lindsay, M.P., if he had met Heinrich Himmler. When Lindsay said he hadn't, Buchman replied: "You should; he's a great lad. He lets us have house-parties whenever we like."

I have asked Kenneth Lindsay if he remembers this and he has said: "It definitely happened." All those now associated with the Oxford Group deny that their supporters ever had Nazi sympathy.

In Britain, as in America, Buchmanites fought hard to secure the exemption of their permanent officials from military duties. This brought them a sharp rebuke from the Draft Appeal Board in America, and from Mr. Bevin in Britain. Bevin quoted, in support of his decision not to single them out for preferential treatment, a judgment by Mr. Justice Bennett in 1939 that "This group seeks to bind people together by religious bonds, but I cannot find that the group existed purely for the purpose of promotion of religion."

This judgment, I think, still holds good. An enormous number of proselytes do, I am sure, derive comfort from Buchmanism, and if his brand of religion is not to our taste, we cannot and should not deny it to others.

In fact, if it confined itself to fostering religion alone, the movement would be less open to criticism. But it is a vast and wealthy organization with considerable property, handling and spending huge sums on propaganda which *is strongly political*.

Why, for instance, its slogan "Labour run by God can rule the world"? Why its concentration on industrialists and trade unions? What are these "M.R.A. trained teams" which descend on industrial areas? Who are they, and who trains them?

At Hays Mews I was told that their "philosophy" is exemplified in one of their publications *Ideas Have Legs*, by Peter Howard, a former political columnist who worked for Lord Beaverbrook. It is a mockery of words to call this book a philosophy. For myself, I find it a vulgar piece of literary exhibitionism.

Interest in Politics

It contains quite sickening adulation of Buchman, e.g. "Buchman—man of the future" (p. 83); ". . . a man of simple faith" (86); "he is a man in all things uniquely original" (91); "Buchman saw with prophetic vision, etc. . . ." (85) and "like his fellow-countryman, Abraham Lincoln, he has a great love for the ordinary man."

One chapter is a tirade against "subversive forces" and "materialists" and contains some surprising assertions: "Management must choose between being brutal or sentimental; labour between strike action or inaction. Britain must choose between exploitation or evacuation of her Empire; the peacemakers between exterminating the aggressors or letting them off."

Extraordinary language this, from a body claiming to be a religious sect. Can't management be efficient, without being brutal or sentimental? Can't labour negotiate its difficulties? No, says Mr. Howard, not without Dr. Buchman and his huge, anonymous, God-guided following.

Sir Alan Herbert once said that "the tone, language and technique of the Oxford Group Company is strikingly and sadly similar to that of the Nazis."

Howard, in another Buchman-subsidized publication *That Man Frank Buchman*, tries hard to create a myth of persecution. "The enemies of Buchman tried to stir up a nation-wide campaign against him . . . certain sections of the Press were persuaded to join in a campaign of misrepresentation."

The "Global Heart"!

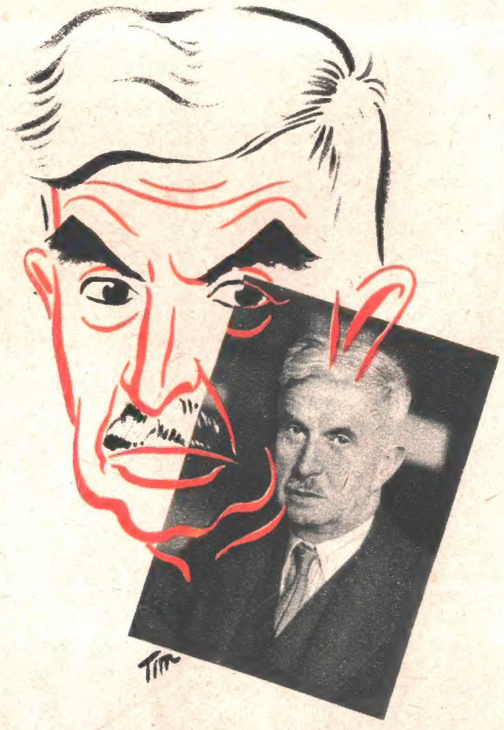
By implication, whoever is not a Buchmanite is an "enemy of democracy" ("at a time when the enemies of democracy expected M.R.A. to wither"; "the *enemies of democracy* thought they had succeeded in destroying moral re-armament for ever").

But never mind. "Frank Buchman has accomplished the most remarkable revolutionary feat of the twentieth century. He is doing on a world scale for democracy what the Black and Red revolutionaries are trying to do for dictatorship—he is setting freedom on the march again."

Deification of Buchman in this book is difficult to justify. "This man has a global heart"; "he is a true patriot of all nations"; "he devotes his days to developing others to true greatness"; "Frank Buchman's revolutionary philosophy for industry has never wavered."

There is a fuehrer complex about this propaganda that I do not like. It is absurd; it is vulgar; and it is unnecessary. It is also very un-English.

In my view, no case can be made for the continuance of the secrecy that shrouds this inner administration of the Oxford Group. It would uphold better the cause it proclaims if it announced its assets, accounts and programmes and had a proper system of membership.



HOME OFFICE EXTROVERT

HAD JAMES CHUTER EDE followed in his father's footsteps, he might have stood every morning at the easy end of the queue at his grocery store in Epsom, Surrey.

Had he continued in his chosen profession he could, quite possibly, be wielding a birch at this very moment or re-uniting the infinitives of Parkinson, Junior.

But Chuter Ede obeyed another impulse, a gregarious spark in his nature, that led him to the village greens of Surrey with a flag and a soap box. He was only eighteen then and the year was 1900.

Forty-six years have gone by. His hair is grey, and his moustache is ragged, indeed. His skin has darkened, and age has etched around his mouth the pattern of his smile.

He doesn't require a soap box now; there's a seat for him on the Government bench of the House of Commons, and when he speaks it is in the capacity of His Majesty's Secretary of State for Home Affairs.

CHUTER EDE'S career represents nearly forty years of service to the community. He went, by scholarships, from an elementary school to a secondary school and on to Christ's College, Cambridge.

He recounts the story of his first day at the Dorking High School. His mother took him and they sat in a front room waiting to meet the headmaster.

Another mother was waiting there, too, and she remarked indignantly: "It's dreadful the way they're letting the place down by allowing in these scholarship brats!"

Mrs. Ede said: "My boy happens to be a scholarship brat."

Lack of funds forced him to leave Cambridge in 1905 and he began teaching in a Surrey elementary school. Nine years later he was president of the Surrey County Teachers' Association and was elected to the Surrey County Council. He was then a Liberal and the council was a Tory stronghold.

He was chairman, president or secretary of more governing bodies than space will permit mention of, most of the time in an honorary capacity, and he has held office as alderman, mayor, deputy lieutenant and Justice of the Peace. For these services he is honoured as a Privy Councillor and Freeman of four towns.

James Chuter Ede, the academician, the mixer, the raconteur of humorous stories, the teetotaller, the non-smoker is very much a citizen.

His name first appeared in the national dailies in 1923 when he contested the by-election at Mitcham against the then Minister of Health, Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, and won a sensational victory. Chuter Ede was carried shoulder-high amid the cheering crowds.

MANY an extrovert finds he is popular without being able to account for it. It is a return for what he gives. Chuter Ede is a giver. Not as a Nuffield or a Rockefeller. One thinks instead of his energies given free and for nothing, of the helping hand to so many in need of it, of all those teachers who speak of him with gratitude, of the advice and good counsel, of his open heart and wide charity.

Chuter Ede is a Unitarian, and he was brought up by a radical and Nonconformist father. He remembers how, as a Sunday-school homily, he was told to respect his betters. He took the lesson home and asked his father who were his betters.

"Look for them, my son, look for them," was the reply.

Chuter Ede's strength is his power over the spoken word. He is a craftsman with invective or humour, whichever the occasion demands. His statements are looked forward to as lively entertainment. They bring down the House. Not so long ago he was speaking, and in order to avoid repetition of the pronouns "he and she," remarked: "When I say *he* let it be understood that I embrace the ladies."

When an effort was being made in the House to urge him to reconsider the decision to use Dartmoor Prison as a Borstal institution, somebody objected to its climate.

Chuter Ede replied: "As it happens I am particularly well acquainted with the climatic conditions of Dartmoor, for I did most of my courting there."

THE young lady was Lilian Mary Stevens Williams and the wedding took place in November, 1917, when Chuter Ede was thirty-five and a sergeant in the Royal Engineers.

There were never any children. The Edes have lived quietly and unpretentiously in a flat in Ewell for many years. Mrs. Ede has shared his public life. She herself served for more than nine years as a county councillor for West Mitcham.

Once his aunt began an investigation into the family tree but desisted when she traced the line back to a smuggler who was hanged at Lewes.

A maternal grandfather was James Chuter, who served on the local government of Surrey County for over forty years. Chuter Ede was named after him, and remains one of the unfortunates whose names are mispronounced by the B.B.C.

Don't call him "Shooter." Mrs. Ede sees red. It's "Chewter."

There are several loves in Chuter Ede's life. Milton, Corbett, mathematical riddles, his motor boat that lies on the Thames near Hampton Court, inactive for want of petrol, and, in addition, his camera.

There is another love, too, the county that bore him, his Surrey. He walked up Box Hill the other day and found the steps in a bad state of repair. So have numbers of other people, but Chuter Ede gave orders for them to be put right again—at his own expense.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

railways

ELECTRIFICATION is the main problem facing the world's railways. Cleanliness demands it, as well as running efficiency. In New York electric haulage takes over at the city limits. In London steam expresses still belch filth on to the poor man's washing. It is estimated that electrification would save British railways about £17 million a year and save the nation ten million tons of coal.

★ ★ ★

In 1939 the Paris-Bordeaux line was electrified and the distance, 363 miles, covered at sixty-nine miles an hour. The world's fastest run, La Junta to Dodge City (202 miles), is made at an average speed of 83.6 miles per hour. For the King's Cross to Edinburgh run (393 miles), 64.5 miles an hour is the average speed.

★ ★ ★

The Southern Railway, pioneers in electrification, discovered that wear on the track develops at quite different points when electric trains replace steam.

★ ★ ★

The million shareholders of the British railways are now being mobilized by the rail chiefs of the "Big Four" main line companies to fight the Government's plans for nationalization.

★ ★ ★

A manifesto from the L.N.E.R. stockholders' association states that though half the world's railways are now nationalized, fewer than one in three of the State-owned lines are self-supporting. Yet it was only heavy war traffic—paid for by the State at extremely high rates—that saved the privately owned British railways from a financial crisis.

★ ★ ★

Between 1915 and 1932 the Australian railways (State-owned) lost £81,000,000. But between 1921 and 1932 the British railways reduced their wages bill from £143 million to £106 million, bringing 17,000 of their lowest paid workers to the edge of the poverty line.

★ ★ ★

In 1939 the Stock Exchange valuation of the British railways was £750,000,000. Their total takings in 1938 were £34 millions. During the war, State payments to them rose to £43 millions a year. *It would have been cheaper to buy them.*

★ ★ ★

In 1940 L.M.S. Ordinary stock, nominal value £100, was worth £13 in the open market—a fairly typical illustration of the state of railway finance. Shareholders had for many years complained bitterly that railway directors were old, unenterprising, inefficient, and that they neglected their duties.

★ ★ ★

All these factors, no doubt, are among the Government's reasons for pushing ahead the draft plan for nationalization. The team at work on it is known as the "S.S. Group"—the forty-five years old transport expert, S. S. Wilson, is in charge.

★ ★ ★

Railway staffs did magnificent war work. Typical unsung hero, Bill Havercroft, of Ulceby, Lincolnshire. This station became suddenly a key point for Bomber Command. The booking clerk went to the ATS, the station master was transferred. Havercroft, single-handed, handled 167 times the station's normal load.

★ ★ ★

A leading authority on British railways is Barrington Tatford, who has written several books on them. He is eighteen.

★ ★ ★

Oldest critic of our railways is George Bernard Shaw. Asked what the fares would be under Socialism, he said that, in view of the discomforts of rail travel in Britain, he thought that, for any citizen compelled to undergo the ordeal, about sixpence per mile would be fair compensation.

A birth meets complications. The maternity "flying squad" sets out, gives a plasma transfusion at home. Squads should be part of Bevan Scheme

BABIES—BY SPECIAL DELIVERY

This article is by a doctor who foresees a big increase in home childbirth. And that means an improved midwifery service, as part of the Bevan Health Scheme

says Dr. HEDLEY SHAW

I KNOW THAT MANY FATHERS think their wives are better off if they have their babies in hospital, because of the modern scientific facilities.

I'm not disparaging that attitude. I have attended over a thousand confinements in the last twenty-five years, and a hospital is an easier place to work in than a private house.

At the same time, a baby is a family possession, and from a psychological point of view I think it does better among its own family.

During the war, expectant mothers have crowded into hospitals, and the hospitals, getting rather swollen headed, are thinking of budgeting for bed accommodation up to seventy-five per cent of the birthrate. But I am quite sure that many of these mothers merely sought a roof over their heads, and that, when housing and domestic help get easier, they will prefer to stay at home.

My opinion is that at least fifty per cent of babies, in normal times, will be born in their own homes; so it is important for us to consider how they will be looked after under the national health scheme.

Actually, the National Health Bill didn't go into details, as these were to be arranged after it became law. But it did give several pointers.

"A Midwife Service"

It places a duty on local authorities to see there are enough midwives available, to supply ante-natal clinics, and to provide dental care for expectant mothers.

The White Paper, accompanying the scheme, explains that doctors will not normally attend confinements. Only if the midwife has a difficult case will she call one in; so what is being provided is a midwifery service, not a doctoring service—with facilities to call in doctors or to get the patient into hospital, if difficulties arise.

What should be noted is the administrative structure that is proposed. There is not a co-ordinated maternity service in the generally accepted sense.

Local authorities will provide clinics and employ midwives. The doctors they can call in will not be employed by the local authority, but by another body, the Local Executive Committee.

And neither the authority nor the committee will run hospitals. These will be run by Regional Hospital Boards.

So it means that some sort of liaison will have to be set up between these bodies; this liaison will have to work in a particularly smooth fashion, for babies have a habit of not waiting on official formalities.

Still, it should be possible to work out all that. What I want to see is the establishment of some very definite principles, without which I don't think this scheme will work too well.

The first is *continuity of care*. Every doctor who does maternity work will tell you that it is a prime essential that the same man should be in charge right the way through.

The curse of our past maternity services has been lack of co-ordination. One doctor attended ante-natal clinics but not confinements. Another, who had never seen the patient before, was called in for an emergency.

Hospital treatment meant a complete swopping of horses in midstream. This led to confusion and a lot of bad work.

Whatever happens, there should be one person present who knows the whole story.

As a corollary to that, the midwife who cares for the normal case must, herself, have been present at the ante-natal examinations. She shouldn't just take over a sheaf of notes from someone else.

Doctors Need Practice

The second principle is that *doctors must be allowed to gain experience*. A service which contemplates calling in a doctor for emergency only is a failure from the start, because doctors who are called in so seldom will grow rusty and be useless when they are wanted. They must be allowed and encouraged to attend normal cases and to take part in hospital practice.

It is true that there are not enough doctors for one to attend every confinement, and there are many cases where it is quite unnecessary that they should do so.

At the same time, first babies are always something of an unknown quantity, and it should be possible for a doctor to be present at all such births, giving the mother confidence, giving the doctors experience, and guarding against the unforeseen.

Thirdly, comes the question of *analgesia*. In these days there are many means of alleviating pain, and it is not right that mothers should be denied them. Proper analgesia is an essential of any up-to-date maternity service.

All midwives under the scheme should be trained in more than one way of giving analgesia, and should be allowed and encouraged to use such methods.

At present they can do so only if another nurse is present. In country districts this is often out of the question. This rule should be modified when the nurse is sufficiently experienced.

Then there is the position regarding *"flying squads."* In a number of districts there are already mobile units which will turn out at short notice in an emergency. They will supply blood transfusions, an anæsthetist, extra nurses, equipment, a specialist if necessary. They have saved many lives.

They should be an integral part of the scheme for safe childbirth at home.

It is necessary also to consider *red tape*. In an emergency, the authority of midwife or doctor to order the patient into hospital must be absolute.

Red Tape Problem

These cases brook no delay, and there should be no red tape about giving reasons in triplicate, or waiting for permission to admit the patient.

The doctor or midwife should accompany the patient to hospital, and remain in charge there until someone else takes over.

And my last principle deals with the *freedom of the individual*. There should be nothing to prevent any woman who wants a particular doctor to attend her, from insisting on him.

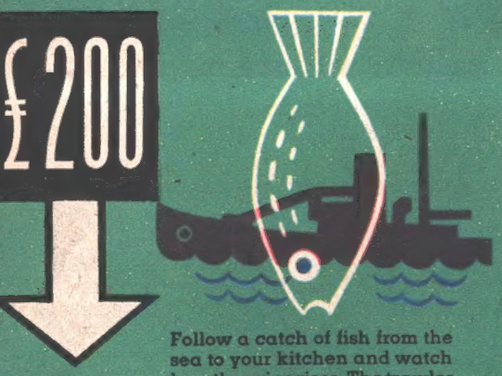
Personal confidence goes a long way, apart from any questions of skill or technique.

Such powers for doctor and midwife, that I have mentioned, cut right across the present administrative structure. How is a midwife, employed by local authority, to insist on having a doctor employed by the Executive Committee—and what ice does that doctor cut with the Regional Hospital Board?

Mr. Bevan believes that mutual goodwill will smooth out such difficulties. I am more cynical.

I have done a lot of this sort of liaison. My experience is that, when you are dealing with someone you know personally, there is no trouble at all. But if you deal with a stranger, or, worse, with an official who is gazing at a book of rules, you can go crazy while your patient gets worse.

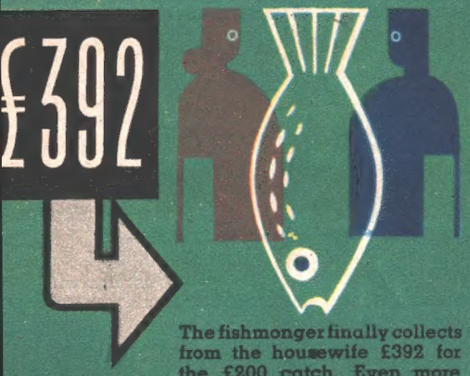
I feel myself that, in a service so vital as this, we should organize it as a whole, disregarding the interests of everyone except the mother and baby. So that, when babies are born at home, the delivery is a "special" one—aided by the best possible midwifery service.



Follow a catch of fish from the sea to your kitchen and watch how the price rises. The trawler which lands the catch gets £200 for it from a wholesaler

The first wholesaler packs the fish and resells the catch in no time at all to another "inland wholesaler," collecting a sum of £46 for his trouble

The "inland wholesaler" then gets busy on his own account. He sells the catch to your fishmonger and for his expenses another £42 goes on to the price



The fishmonger finally collects from the housewife £392 for the £200 catch. Even more middlemen and higher distributing costs are often involved

THE GREAT

Housewives all over the country want to know why, when there is plenty of fish round our coasts, it should be expensive, lacking in variety and hard to get. Here are some of the answers to their questions

by GORDON BECKLES

WHY IS FISH SO EXPENSIVE? Why isn't there more variety of it for the ordinary purse? Why isn't there cheap, fresh fish all the year round? How much of our fish does hungry Europe expect to get?

When I set out to see if I could solve what I can best call the "Great Fish Mystery," I had certain random memories in mind.

One was of a long queue of weary London housewives waiting in the November rain on the odd chance of buying something on a slab that was certainly fish but boasted no name; another was of a tramp steamer leaving Lowestoft before the war so top-heavy with its cargo of herrings for Central Europe that I feared for its safety; a third memory was of a naval friend of mine some years ago who bought a drifter and tried to make a living by fishing off his native Devon town—he ended by selling Grimsby fish on a motor bicycle.

A Scene on the Beach

And to these memories has been added an experience in this summer of 1946 in a south-coast town.

Visitors on the front were gazing at what certainly appeared to be fishermen handling a considerable quantity of fish on the beach.

I went closer and saw and heard things which have perhaps given me a clue to the mystery; but before all this happened I had been asking questions elsewhere. Here is a summary of some of the things I learned.

POINT ONE. Why is fish so expensive? (Remember, this applies not only to today when there is quite a lot on the market. Before the war this island race was eating less and less fish because of its expense and dullness.)

A pound of "fish" can certainly be bought at controlled prices for as little as a shilling, if you are not too particular. But a sole may cost twice that amount. A mouthful of oyster—twopence a dozen in Dickens's day—is usually a shilling. A handful of shrimps is often two shillings. A lobster can leave you little change from a pound note.

Six Middlemen

Yet all this rich food—the only food of which these little islands of ours ever have a surplus—was free for all a short while before you bought it. What happened in between the time the fishermen made their catch and the moment your money was paid to the fishmonger?

It appears that fish has been in the habit of passing through the hands of as many as six middlemen on its way to you. The present controlled price system is built around this many-storeyed structure.

Men who have never landed a fish in their lives have made excellent livings from this market in fish.

Here is the story of a catch of fish as it has been traced from the sea to your kitchen—a lucky catch, as it happens, for it passed through less than six hands.

The ship got into the port and, as is the custom, the catch was quickly auctioned and landed. For the purposes of the story, the trawler got £200 for the catch from the wholesaler who bought it.

Within as little time as it took a telegram to be dispatched and delivered it was resold to an "inland wholesaler" for £246. In fairness, it should be said that the wholesaler at the port paid the carriage charges and prepared the fish for packing.

The "inland wholesaler" then set about his business, and shortly afterwards sold the catch to the fishmongers at a profit of £42.

The fishmongers—the men whom you and I buy it from—then fixed their prices and the fish was finally sold for £392, which is £104 more than they paid for it, a profit which they say is necessary to cover rent, rates and wages.

It seems that a good profit was enjoyed all round, except possibly by the fishermen who were not on sharing terms in the trawler.

Three years ago there were some two hundred Billingsgate wholesalers required by this system of marketing to deal with a daily turnover of two hundred tons of fish. As an indication of the popularity of being a fish middleman I found that in ten years the Grimsby wholesalers rose in numbers from 590 to 730.

POINT TWO. Why is there not more variety in fish when variety in our food is so urgently necessary?

I know that there was a reasonable shortage during the war, but let us talk about the days of peace, which are here with us again.

Two Ounces a Week

To the great mass of people before the war, "fish" either meant "fish 'n chips" (which involved using the coarsest kinds) or a herring in some form or another. It was increasingly something of a luxury to wander outside these two varieties.

Some statistician worked out at that time that only nine shillings a head was being spent in Britain on fish each year, which would be about two ounces a week for everyone.

On the other side of the Channel, a vastly greater variety of fish was obtainable; perhaps the demand was stimulated by better cooking methods. In France and the United States fish bars and restaurants contained scores of different items of "sea food" unknown to the average English person.

The mystery of the expensive oyster is symbolical of the great fish mystery.

After the first World War it was claimed that a number of oyster beds had been damaged by the dumping of explosives. Oysters became scarce, and remained so. Was it to the advantage of the oyster trade to keep them scarce—and thus expensive?

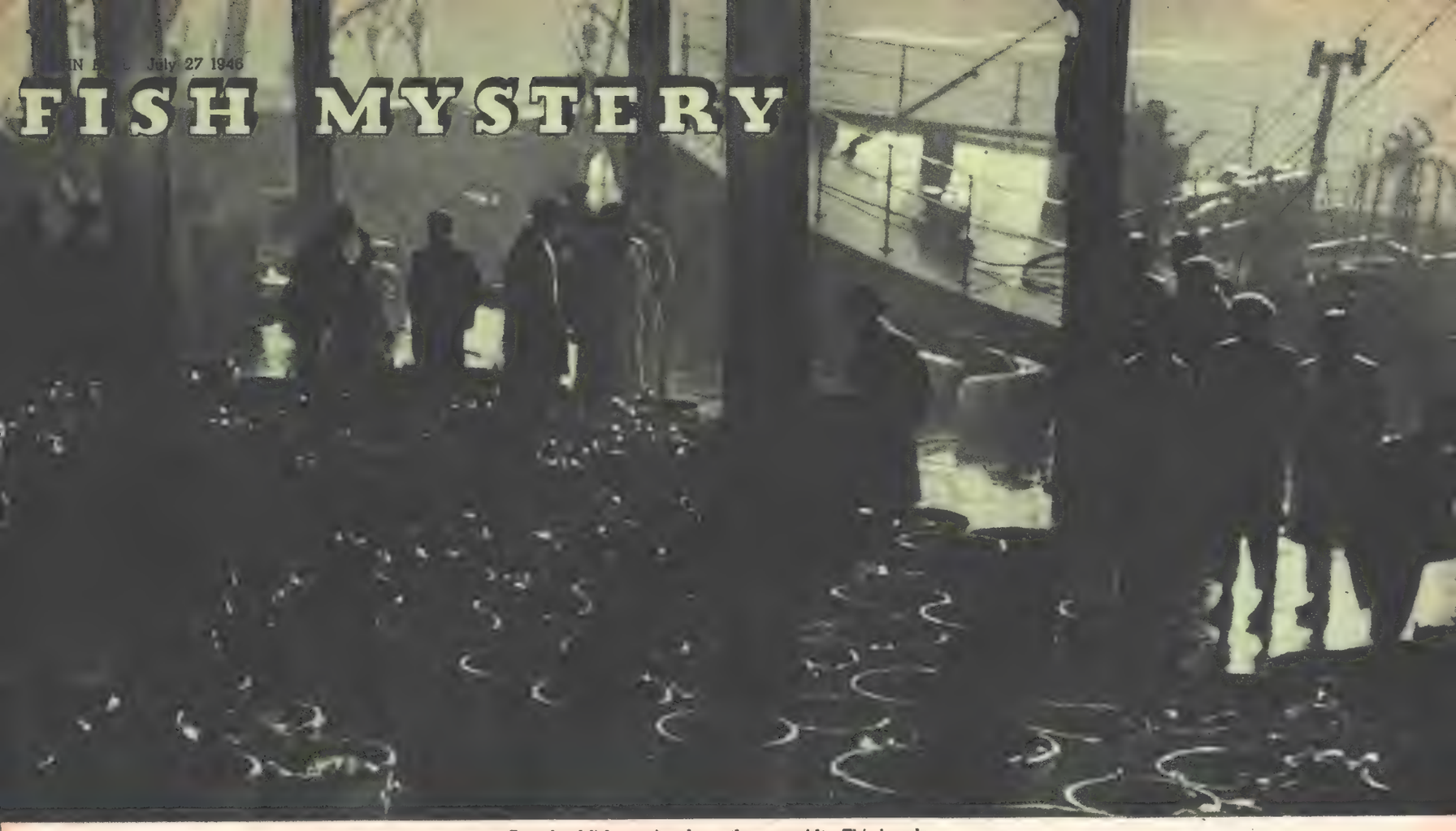
Oysters have been cheap, plentiful and varied enough on the other side of the Channel.

The humble kipper?

It has enjoyed a steady decline ever since it was discovered that its rich colouring could be enhanced by dyeing instead of honest smoking over oak-chips.

POINT THREE. What is science doing to

FISH MYSTERY



Barrels of fish await sale on the quayside. This is only the first stage of a journey through middlemen to the housewife, with an increase in cost at every transaction

help ensure that there are full supplies of fresh fish available to the public all the year round?

Great strides have been made in new methods of preservation in recent years, and one process being developed in the United States may revolutionize refrigeration. In Britain a system known as "blast freezing" is also coming into operation.

The question to which I can find no answer is whether these new methods will be used to help the middleman's bank balance; or will the actual, hungry consumer get the benefit?

During the summer there was a considerable amount of cod. I asked a leading wholesaler whether he was "quick freezing" any—that being a method of keeping it fresh for some months at fifty degrees below freezing point.

He said frankly that he was not doing so; soles, yes, they were a different matter—the price of sole is more than the price of cod.

Yet cod would be welcome in the lean months.

Helping Hungry Europe

POINT FOUR. What part is fish playing in the schemes to help hungry Europe?

Once our fish exports were a very valuable industry.

Before the first World War Britain was exporting to Europe herring at the tremendous rate of 400,000 tons a year. Indeed, only twelve per cent of the herring catch was retained by the home market.

People all over Europe—and in Turkey and even Egypt—knew the herring. Whole generations of Italians have been brought up on bread, red wine, garlic and English herring.

Yet our herring trade declined, although the German taste for herring in several forms did not do so; their own fishermen filled the gap. If the Germans in the British zone have the taste, we should soon be able to fill it when our herring fleets begin work again in the autumn.

At the present moment we are in the strange position of importing herrings from Scandinavia, and are looking towards the Shetland Islands for big future supplies.

But, so far, fish has rarely been mentioned in connection with the food requirements of Europe.

POINT FIVE. How much food value is there in fish?

Here again, years of being offered indifferent fish has prompted a genuine and deeply-felt prejudice in millions of British minds against eating it, unless fried and accompanied by chips.

Fish is a rich food, especially in proteins. An estimate, regarded as reasonable, puts a two-pound cod steak (or nine herrings) as equal in food value to one pound of rump steak or nine eggs.

Do all these facts and figures seem too unrelated to offer any clue to the first and greatest of the questions I set out to answer: why is fish so expensive?

Perhaps they do.

I will therefore take you over to that south-coast town where the visitors on the promenade enjoy the picturesque spectacle of the swarthy local fishermen—more than one wears earrings—handling the fish on the beach, with fishing smacks and shingle in the background to complete the picture.

They Fish No Longer

I went down to have a talk to them, and made an interesting discovery. They were indeed fishermen. Some of them started fishing locally sixty years ago. But they fish no longer.

Today all these men (in the intervals of taking visitors for trips in the *Saucy Sue*) are merely fish porters. The fish they handle is nearly all from the big commercial markets hundreds of miles away.

The whole picture was an illusion!

Hidden from the view of the visitors on the promenade above were stacked hundreds of fish-boxes which had been brought all the length of England from Hull, Lowestoft and Grimsby; and even transported across the North Sea from Norway.

These ex-fishermen remembered the days when their local fish was cheap, fresh and plentiful.

What had happened?

Simply that they had found, over the years, that they were unable to keep pace with the eccentric price changes of the markets controlled by the Big Men sitting at desks perhaps a hundred miles from the sea; they were the Small Men forced slowly to the wall—and into other occupations.

And where once fishing-son followed in fishing-father's footsteps, now the younger generation was working elsewhere.

In 1914 there were still 22,000 of these "local" or "village" fishermen around the coasts of England; in 1928 they had shrunk to 14,000; and by 1938 there were believed to be less than 10,000.

Nationalization?

They symbolized, these "local" men, the position of the fishermen on the big trawler runs, who between the wars had also known constant unemployment and dwindling numbers; and who went on strike this summer because of the landing of a glut of foreign catches. These imports lowered the fishermen's earnings yet did not benefit the housewife—because of "controlled prices."

The fisherman—the man who actually does the work—is, of course, the life-blood of the fishing industry.

What is the moral?

That fishing should be nationalized, the trawlers run on Admiralty lines and everything controlled by Government planners? Or that the local fishermen should be encouraged again to serve their areas and provide the industry with a new generation of young fishermen?

If unanswered questions are the essence of a mystery—then the "Great Fish Mystery" remains a mystery.

As I was saying

by HERBERT HODGE

SOAP IS A NEW IDEA, ANYWAY

There's a bright side even to the soap cuts, says Herbert Hodge, JOHN BULL's Homely Philosopher, who thinks there are still good reasons for singing lustily in the bath-tub

"We can't supply the necessary soap"

"THE WORLD," says Horace Walpole, "is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel." Even our present world shortages have their comic side, if only you can stand back and think about them, instead of always feeling them.

There's the soap shortage, for instance. Seen in the light of history, our present lack of soap should make us laugh our heads off.

For generations, most of us got along quite well with hardly any soap. A couple of centuries ago, even the finest of fine ladies relied rather more on powerful scent than on plain soap. But at last we have reached an age when it is generally agreed that even the humblest home is incomplete without a bathroom.

We've all been educated up to a high standard of "personal hygiene"—frequent baths, the usual change of underclothes. And just at the moment when, as a nation, we've reached this high pinnacle of cleanliness (in desire if not always in deed), we suddenly find we can't supply the necessary soap.

I remember a Canadian lumber camp that I once worked in, where the only washing arrangement was one small metal bowl, about eighteen inches in diameter, among twenty-five men. To have a wash all over was quite an event—so great an event that, on the evening I attempted it, I had a large and interested audience, commenting all the while on my physical peculiarities. (At least, they saw them as peculiarities, though I didn't.)

To keep clean in that camp cost a great deal in moral courage.

Even in so-called civilization, keeping clean isn't easy if you don't possess a bathroom. The choice lies between the little tin tub in front of the kitchen fire, or the municipal "warm baths." In the days when I had to make do in a flat without a bathroom, I preferred to use the municipal baths.

Not that I liked these baths. I bathed there chiefly from a sense of fairness to my fellow-man. There may be some municipal baths which are designed to give the bather a feeling of pleasure. But, if there are, I've never had the luck to visit them.

However, these last few years, I've enjoyed the luxury of my own bathroom. It isn't absolutely the latest style. We still have to heat the water in a boiler at the back of the kitchen range—which means lighting a coal fire every time you want a bath. But it's certainly much pleasanter than either the tin tub or the municipal baths. Provided, of course, you've got some coal.

Getting Well Oiled

The ancient Romans, who made quite a cult of the bath, apparently used a curved metal scraper instead of soap. You were scraped first, and stepped into the water afterwards. Before you could be scraped, however, you had to be thoroughly oiled, and then do violent exercises in a hot room, so as to work up a good sweat. But it's almost impossible for anyone in this country to get oiled at the moment (whether literally or metaphorically).

I'm told there are certain plants, or herbs, that can be used in place of soap. I don't know what quantities would be required, but it might be an interesting line of research for gardeners.

I've taken a fancy to one called "Bouncing Bet." Not that I've tried it. I shouldn't even recognize it if I saw it. It's just that the name appeals to me. The prospect of bathing with "Bouncing Bet" is definitely attractive. If anyone knows where she can be found, I shall be very pleased to give her a trial.

Cure for Homesickness

A RECENT NEWS ITEM, describing the return of forty "disillusioned" British and French war-brides from Canada, strikes an all too familiar note.

I wonder what they were really "disillusioned" about—their husbands or their new country. Or were some of them simply suffering from a bad attack of homesickness?

People who have never suffered from home sickness are apt to treat it far too lightly. It's often looked upon as weakness of character—as something one should "snap out of." But it's a real enough illness to the victim, and can cause far more suffering than many a physical complaint.

I speak from experience in this, having suffered from it, myself, at one period of my life. There doesn't seem to be any easy way of throwing it off. It isn't something you can put aside—or force yourself to forget.

Homesickness is probably one of the worst complaints that afflict the men and women serving abroad in the Forces. But, in their case, they can at least look forward to coming home again some time in the future—even if that time is several years away.

The case of the woman who goes abroad to settle in her husband's country, among her husband's people, is far worse. She has torn herself up by the roots—cut herself completely adrift from her old life. And when homesickness descends upon her, it can be terrible.

As far as I know, there is only one cure for it.

As soon as you begin to feel homesick, the thing to do is to make a definite promise to yourself. Promise yourself that on a certain date you'll go home again. For a visit, at any rate. The date you fix may be one, two, three, or even five years ahead. The length of time doesn't matter, so long as it's a definite period.

When you've made that decision, begin straightaway to put by a little money towards the fare; no matter how small the amount, so long as it's regular, and saved with that definite object.

That Prosperous Look

Your life in the new country then takes on an entirely new appearance. However difficult things may be, you've set yourself a definite task to accomplish, something within your capabilities.

The idea of sticking it for the rest of your natural life may have seemed impossible. But sticking it for only two, three, or five years seems comparatively easy. You feel there's at least a fair chance of your managing that.

And there's another side to it. You begin to feel that you wouldn't like to arrive home, when the allotted time comes, looking a failure. You don't want all your friends saying: "I told you so." You want to go home looking prosperous and happy. You want to arrive with an air.

So you find you've got to do something more than just "stick it" for a few years in the new country. You've got to try to become a success in that country—otherwise you'll be ashamed to show your face at home. All of which gives you so much to occupy your mind that homesickness doesn't have quite the same power to make you miserable—even though the longing for the country you've left may still be as strong as ever.

The final cure is accomplished when at last the time comes to visit the "old country." You are then able to make comparisons between your two countries with a good knowledge of each. And the odds are, however much you love the country of your birth, you'll decide that your future lies in your new country. And you'll return to it as one returning home.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

wait for it

LET'S FACE IT! We're all mentally lazy! If you're one of the exceptions, you're to be congratulated. It means you've put in some pretty strenuous work some time to overcome what is almost an inrooted habit in everyone.

It's easier to jump to conclusions than to do a bit of hard thinking—easier to misjudge others than to judge them correctly.

To think out why someone said this or that, or why they took a certain line of action, might involve some real work, so we guess.

It's not fair to judge rashly. We may think the man with whom we have to work is a downright ill-tempered fellow because he snaps out now and then. He may just be suffering from a touch of liver, or a grievance that doesn't really concern us.

It might even be that we have said or done something to annoy him. But, of course, we're always so sure of our righteousness that it couldn't possibly be that, could it? Or could it—if we took the trouble to think about it?

Sometimes we jump at a business proposition just because it *looks* attractive. It would be much better—though much harder—to weigh up the pros and cons and think it out for ourselves.

Don't be deceived. Brain work is hard work. There's no easy way of thinking. Yet it's worth it, every time.

Learn to look ahead and think ahead. Spare a bit more time for thought instead of dashing blindly forward.

You'll save yourself no end of annoyance and probably disappointment, too.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Special Mission

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY SINDALL

In war Harvey had landed on the French coast by submarine, by parachute, each time with a special mission. In peace he landed again, looking for a man of the Resistance and a girl

A BARE-LEGGED FRENCH BOY in an old British battle jacket was on the jetty watching him as he tied up the dinghy. "Might as well start here," Harvey thought. There was a tight feeling inside him. The trouble was, after two years, he did not know how to begin. "I'm looking for an old man called Pere Gouin," he said.

If the boy was surprised to hear a deep-sea fisherman out of the Brixham trawler now lying in the basin speaking his own local patois, he did not show it. "He would be at his cottage, as always, m'sieu. I could show you the way."

"Thanks, I know it."

Leaning over the saddle of his bicycle in front of the Cafe de l'Europe was a gendarme. A *tricoleur* hung like a nose-bag before the white front of the Mairie, and the Old Fort showed grim above the spars of the St. Brieuc trawlers in the little harbour, with the green of the orchards beyond.

"This place hasn't changed," Harvey thought, but—two years ago—that moonless night when he was landed from a submarine, German garrison troops were in the narrow streets, not gendarmes.

When he came to the end of the cobbled quay among the bone-white houses and striped awnings of the Vieux Port he knew that the thing had started well. The old man was sitting out in the sun, puffing at his pipe—same as ever, with his bright old eyes, dirty muffler, and the gold earrings.

"Remember me, Pere Gouin?"

THE old Frenchman, far away in his thoughts, started. "*You! Nom-de-nom!* So you've come back—eh? *Certes*, but it's good to see you."

Harvey looked round. "Listen, Pere Gouin, my old friend," he said, "I want to talk to you. I want your help. . . ."

Gouin's eyes clouded. "But—the war is over, my son."

"I've got something to do here; then it'll be over for me. You risked your life a hundred times to help us in the war. Help me now."

Harvey's war service had been a strange affair—a Devon fisherman serving with the minesweepers, called hush-hush to the Admiralty on account of his knowledge of the French coast, his Bretonne mother and his perfect French. Petty officer, R.N., and weeks of intensive

"A Bretonne," murmured the old man. "Louise? There are many girls called Louise in Brittany"

training . . . then dangerous trips in and out of Northern France by parachute, submarine, even sailing his own boat, making prearranged contacts with men carrying special information . . . service that meant a firing squad if you got caught. It was your own lookout.

What was burning up inside him gave urgency to his words now.

"Pere Gouin, in my work I never knew who the next man was. Nor the man beyond him. It was the same with you, wasn't it? You only knew someone would come along at a certain time and give you certain words?"

"We none of us knew further than the next link," the old man agreed.

"I'm looking for someone. You were my first contact when I swam ashore. Can you pass me on again?"

Pere Gouin took out his pipe. "Why not? I will take you to him now."

Together, they walked back along the quay, over the railway lines, entering a cafe through a curtain of glass beads.

"This is an Englishman from the war," Gouin told the proprietor. "You can help him."

The pair whispered together; then the man said: "*Mais oui, m'sieu!* It was my son. But he is now dead. But I know the one he took you on to. Monsieur Pillet, of Sévrin. It is he you wish?"

"Short—bald—with a gold tooth?"

"That is the one. He is now Mayor of Sévrin and you will find him at the *mairie*, or at his farm in the hills three kilometres beyond the railway bridge."

The rest of that evening Harvey spent sitting with the old French fisherman, helping him repair his nets. A curious peace had come to him as he watched the sun set over the little harbour. Never a man to say much, he had to speak now.

"Pere Gouin, you were always a good friend to me. Did you ever know of a boy they called Jean?"

The old man nodded. "From St. Brieuc. They shot his father as a hostage. They were always together those two—no mother. I think it affected the lad's mind. How he hated the Germans! If it is him you seek, I must tell you, my son, he disappeared. I like to think he got away to England."

"He never got away anywhere to carry on the fight," Harvey said. "He was shot in the back here—by a Frenchman, and killed." His deep-sea eyes seemed to lose focus as they stared across the bay. "I told you there has been something on my mind all this time. There's a girl who's a part of it, too, Pere Gouin. I'd like to find her."

THE sun caught the gold rings in the old Frenchman's ears as he turned. "That should not, perhaps, be difficult for the man you are going to see—Monsieur Pillet. He was an important man in the organization."

"Did you ever hear what happened that night?"

"Only that something went wrong."

"I was with you for ten days," Harvey recalled. "I was taken up into the hills to a farmhouse to wait the arrival of a man. My orders were that when I'd got what he had to give me I was to make my way back to England. But the third night at the farm this boy Jean turned up, and with him were two R.A.F. men shot down the day before. One of them was wounded in the leg and we had to do something. Pillet made the arrangements to get them away."

"He was near the top."

"We were going to get them out to sea from the coast here, but it went wrong in the last stage and we had to run for it. Those two eventually got back along another route, but I was holed up at that farmhouse for a month. This girl used to sneak me out food at night. All I know about her is that her name was Louise. I was lying up in a loft over the cow shed—pretty lonely.

"Some nights she'd stay on and talk about all sorts of things—fishermen, the war. Other times I'd chance it out in the woods for exercise. I never knew who she was. She was nothing to do with the farm, but the farmer must have known she was around. I couldn't tell you now what she looked like, except that she had blue eyes and black hair and a nice smile."

"A Bretonne," murmured Gouin. "Louise? There are many girls called Louise in Brittany."

"She didn't give a hang for Germans or anyone. I believe she could sneak past anything. She certainly took chances to get food to me while they were combing the district after that break-up. And argue!" He laughed. "The things we used to talk about. The rig of your trawlers here, the left-handed way you Breton fishermen trawl. When she was really mad I'd swap sides, because my mother was from round here."

They talked of other things besides trawls.

HE was thinking now of one night among the trees in the orchard when he turned her face up to him in the moonlight and to his surprise this tiger-cat's arms went round his neck and her lips sought his.

"One day you will come back!" she had said, and in the darkness he smiled. He knew things did not happen like that.

Next day, Harvey worked on the beach, helping the old man again. Then, at night, he set out for Sévrin and the hills. Pere Gouin asked no questions.

Treading warily along the poplar-lined roads with an ear for barking dogs was like old times. Now that he knew what he was going to do a weight seemed to have been lifted from his mind. He skirted the little town and, crossing the bridge, followed the line of pylons in the moonlight.

When he came to the farmhouse he hid among the trees and watched. A light showed behind shutters on the ground floor. There seemed to be no dogs.

Like a shadow himself, he slipped from shadow to shadow until he was flattened against the old stone wall of the farmhouse. Through the crack in the shutters he peered into the kitchen. Then groping along the wall, he tried the door.

When Harvey stepped into the kitchen he recognized him at once. Pillet was going through an account book at the table by the light of an oil lamp and he jumped round at the sound of Harvey's voice.

"You didn't hear me knock," the Englishman said. "I don't suppose you remember me, but we met in the war."

Pillet's eyes shifted to the gun on the wall. "What do you want?"

"You seem to have done pretty well for yourself since I saw you last, Monsieur Pillet," Harvey said, seating himself across a chair. "Mayor—and this farm and everything. I always promised myself that if I got through I'd come back and call on you."

"I do not remember your face, *m'sieu*."

"August 9, 1943," Harvey said. "The night we lost Jean. You remember. He was only fifteen. Don't move from where you are, Monsieur Pillet!"

"Now I remember you." Pillet's eyes darted to the door. "What do you want?"

Harvey spread his hands on the table and leant closer. "Let me talk to you about that night, *m'sieu*. You made arrangements to meet my two R.A.F. friends and me at the cove with a motor boat and two *bidons* of petrol. Oh, yes! The boat was there and so was the petrol. I went to see. You don't take any risks in the sort of job I was doing, do you?

"In the pitch darkness it was Jean who led us down. You remember? He took us to the beach. He was always ready to do a job. He was the one who bought it, *Monsieur le Maire*. You hadn't counted on me breaking up the party to approach from several directions, *just in case*—had you? One of the things they teach us. You didn't expect to see Jean, did you?"

SUDDENLY Harvey pushed the chair away and rose to his feet, his jaws clamped together like a steel trap.

"You shot him in the back. No tales from him, Monsieur Pillet, about the business you were doing with the Germans, eh?"

A bottle crashed in Harvey's face, and, as he staggered back, half-blinded, Pillet leapt for the wall. When he turned he had the double-barrelled gun trained at the Englishman's stomach.

"You came to the right place to be put out of the way!" he snarled. "No one to hear the shot that's going to blow your stomach out!"

Harvey dived over the table. There was a blinding flash and the charge tore at his jacket. But he seized the barrel, and the next thing he knew he was flailing at the body of the man who lay on the stone floor.

He got back to the cottage in the early hours and the old man was not there. As far as he knew, no one had seen him come or go, but he wanted to take no risks now. He slept late and as the old Frenchman still had not come back he walked down to the beach, working on the nets.

It was late afternoon when Pere Gouin showed up. He was breathless as he hurried up to where the Englishman was working. "Pillet," he said in a low voice. "You saw him last night?"

The Englishman lit his cigarette and and flicked away the match.

"He had an accident. He's dead." Pere Gouin was watching him closely. "In the town they say he was cleaning his gun."

"I was waiting for you to get back, Gouin. To say goodbye. I've got to get back home." He turned his eyes from the harbour. "I've done what I wanted to do. . . ."

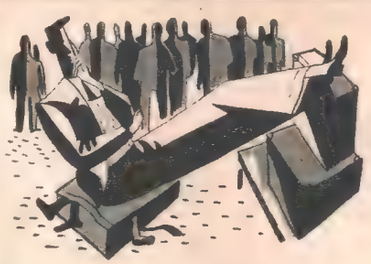
A sly grin creased the old man's face. "I, too, have done what I wanted to do, my son!" His eyes were dancing as he stabbed the air with his pipe stem. "*Look who comes along the quay!*"

The Englishman looked up. "*Louise!*" The girl waved to him, half-running to meet him. "How did you find her?"

"Louise is a common name in Brittany," Gouin said. "But a young girl who knows all about trawls *and* cowsheds. . . ."

Harvey had dropped the net and was helping her down from the sea wall. In his eyes was the look of a man who has a lot of things to say, but does not know how to say them.

"There is no need for you to hurry back to your England," Pere Gouin was saying. "You can stay for a while with me in my cottage, you two?" His eyes danced over the pair standing looking at each other on the sand. "At any rate," he said, "you can stay for supper—and a talk about yourselves."



WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

How to Get Away

GETTING AWAY FOR A HOLIDAY starts at least a week before the actual date and reaches its climax on the evening before the Day. For those readers who haven't had a proper summer holiday for so long that they have forgotten how to arrange their departure smoothly and easily, here is the procedure.

The night before, dig out suitcases from the attic or the cupboard under the stairs, dust them, wipe off mildew, and curse because the piece of rope which used to tie up the one with the broken lock isn't inside the case as it ought to be.

Lay out on the bed all the family's clothes which are to be taken. This is just optimism. Transfer clothes, neatly folded, to suitcases. When the suitcases are already full a good two-thirds of the clothes will still be on the bed.

★ ★ ★

Unpack suitcases and start again, putting in only absolute essentials. Repeat this three or four times until the left-over clothes are few enough to cram into the extra case which you didn't mean to take.

Next morning get up very early. Discover there's not enough bread for breakfast as well as sandwiches for the train. Compromise on fewer sandwiches and smaller breakfast. Wash Thermos flask, which smells mouldy. Remember you haven't packed bathing dresses or towels. Unpack and leave out more essentials to get them in.

Check over holiday money, which seems to have dwindled. Discover essential jacket hanging behind door. Remove more essentials from case to get it in. Hinge comes off case.

Remember essential dress, which is at cleaners. Decide it will have to stay there.

See that taps are turned off and windows shut. Wait for taxi. Wait for taxi. Go on waiting for taxi.

★ ★ ★

Taxi arrives. Collect raincoats and pile in. You must be at the station at 10 a.m. It is now 10 a.m.

Queue for tickets. Try to find right queue for your train. Ask porter, who directs you to wrong queue. Find right queue and stand there.

Woman next to you says her corn has been shooting and it is going to rain all the week. Continue standing there. Man next to you says if they hadn't brought in holidays with pay there wouldn't be all this congestion. It's all the Government's fault. Queue moves. Two yards. False alarm.

Get on platform. Train arrives. Stops with luggage van opposite you. Dive into scrum farther along. Manage to secure space in corridor between woman with crying baby and man with two dogs.

Train starts and things seem to settle down. Find you have brought yesterday's paper by mistake. Ticket collector arrives. Says train is being run in two parts and you are in part which doesn't stop at your station.

CRIME — WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS

Any killing—but particularly one with sordid details—attracts a morbid section of the public. Here is a strong attack on this unhealthy interest in violent crimes

by JOHN ARKWRIGHT

Typical: the crowd that gathered outside the court at the Red Wharf murder trial. The accused man, Albert Nettleton, was sentenced for manslaughter

IT FELL TO MY LOT RECENTLY to interview the father of a girl who had been most brutally murdered. I found the task embarrassing, and it must have been well-nigh unbearable for the grief-stricken parent.

Many of the questions were necessarily of an intimate nature and as I put them to him I felt that, if I had been in his position, I should scarcely have had the courtesy to answer them.

But this man, almost dropping with fatigue and grief, after hours of interrogation by the police, still found time to give me the information I required.

For him it had been a terrible day. He had identified the mutilated body of his daughter and had gone on to the checking of all her personal belongings. He had also to give comfort and strength to his wife. On top of everything, his mind was tortured with wondering why this dreadful thing had happened and why it could not have been prevented.

For me it was just a job, an impersonal business of getting every scrap of information I could, of writing down a newspaper report containing the details that are normally published in such cases.

I didn't like it; but it was my duty to see that I obtained no less information than any other representative of the Press. And in carrying out my job I had to intrude, however unwillingly, into the most private corners of a family's life.

This sort of thing is happening pretty regularly in Britain today. Every murder uncovered—and there are a lot just now, perhaps as an aftermath of the war—brings a search for the smallest personal details until the complete life of the victim is laid before the public.

They Want the Details

Yet what is the reality behind this search?

"The bruised and battered body of a beautiful girl" . . . "the body was completely unclothed" . . . "the dead woman had been outraged" . . . "it is believed that the crime was committed by a maniac."

These sentences from newspaper reports of recent murders were not printed for the amusement of editors. They were printed because millions of people throughout the country *expected* it.

They expected to be given the full picture, within the bounds of decency, and those bounds are pretty elastic.

The result is that, when dealing with sensational crime or scandal of any sort, the news tends to be presented with no holds barred.

I'm not going to discuss the ethics of this, nor am I prepared to argue the abstract question as to whether people *do* know what they want. The customer is, maybe, always right.

What I am trying to fathom is the reason for this morbid interest in violence and sudden death, especially, it should be noted, when it is a matter of violence against an individual.

We have just come through an outstandingly bloody period of world history in which wholesale massacre was perpetrated by the most ingenious methods. Yet, when the headlines were filled with news of heavy casualties on the war fronts, few persons recoiled with horror or passed any comment.

It requires a crude job, done with an axe or a knife, to whet people's appetite. And if there is a suggestion of sex as well, the interest appears to be complete.

A battle takes place and thousands of men are killed or, what may be worse, savagely mutilated and disfigured for as long as they live. A brief account is printed in the Press, and the public, numbed maybe by the vast background of war on which the picture is presented, promptly forgets it.

Limits of Decency

Now the other side. A reasonably attractive girl is found dead in a field, under shocking circumstances. Far too many people eagerly await the front-page headlines, not just on one day, but for days afterwards. They scan the minute descriptions of the scene of the crime and of the way in which it was committed. They read and re-read accounts of the girl's life, her home and her parents, the extent of her injuries within the limits of decency if not of delicacy, her known movements prior to her death, and anything else that can possibly be brought into the picture—for if facts are thin, hearsay will always help to fill out the story.

Why should such apathy be shown to events which affect the fate of mankind, and such attention be given to an incident which affects only the fate of a single individual?

Why, indeed, does the average citizen follow so closely the killing of someone of whom he has not the slightest knowledge and, let us be honest, in whom he has no interest at all?

The easy answer is that we are all naturally interested in the solution of a crime, that we get a certain amount of satisfaction out of discussing its various aspects with our friends, that it is not unpleasing to formulate one's own theories and set them against those of others.

I grant all these points and still say that popular interest appears to demand details which could be omitted without affecting the public's right to discuss and theorize.

I go further and argue that such details can do much harm to impressionable minds.

Is it too much to suggest that a man who kills a woman in a particularly bestial manner has been subconsciously influenced by the account of a previous murder carried out in precisely the same way? Or that, even in trivial instances, the traces of such savagery might recur in others?

But even if no positive harm were done, what good can result? There is nothing very ethical about entertainment derived from other people's tragedies and griefs.

I know there is a reasonable-sounding answer to the points I make. It goes like this: none of us is perfect; death and sex are a part of everyday life, and the interest shown by people in sadistic murders is just human weakness.

Just human weakness? What else are murder and rape themselves but human weaknesses? And is that any excuse for them?

Surely it is a matter of civilization. Civilization is based on self-control. It is self-control, in the last analysis, that restrains our actions and fits our way of life into the framework demanded by society.

When the morbid chewing-over of human tragedies arising from a lack of self-control can be shown to be useless and even harmful, it is time we got back to fundamentals.

War Aided Crime

We are, at this moment, striving to bring cleanliness and decency into the disorder of a bomb-happy world. Everything we knew was turned upside down in the recent war and it is our job now to put it to rights again.

One of the qualities we must bring to this immense job is a wholesome mind and a clear outlook. We should be repelled by barbarism, beastliness and perversion. We should appreciate the virtues of tolerance, comradeship and honesty towards each other.

While we have cleared the sad story of universal bloodshed off the front pages of the world, have we done so only to replace it with tales of individual brutality?

We know these things happen, but we won't obliterate them by revelling in all their details and glorifying their importance.

Let us relegate them to the obscurity to which they belong. And let news of achievement and of man's eternal struggle for the conquest of the unknown retain its rightful place.

When we succeed in this, we shall know that we are half-way to happiness . . . and that road is not marked out with bloodstains.

Free Speech

TEACH THEM HOW TO LIVE

THE ART OF LIVING is as important as the art of getting a living. I want to see it taught in our technical schools and evening classes. Each of us normally spends from half to two-thirds of every day in the company of others, yet many social misfits cannot get on with other people. They are miserable, shy or ill-mannered and make others embarrassed.

Let us teach the social graces, accustom people to "company," and show youngsters how to overcome shyness and self-consciousness. Classes on the art of living will be full of eager learners and living will be easier and pleasanter for us all.—JAMES MCLAUGHLIN, 90 Gilders Road, Chessington, Surrey.

Sorry

WHEN I COMPLAINED to the schoolmistress about a small boy stealing the flowers out of my front garden, she

"I kept my face straight"

promised to give him a lecture and send him round to apologize.

Later the boy arrived. He was very nervous as I invited him in. "Teacher has sent me round to paralyse you," he announced. I kept my face straight.—Mrs. C. W. C., Worcester. (Name and address enclosed.)

What's in a Name?

STANDING IN THE CORRIDOR of a crowded railway train one evening in 1944, I was asked by an American airman if I knew a certain district and a certain road. I knew the place and when we got out I took him along. He was pleased and, telling me his name was George Parker, he suggested we should keep in touch.

I handed him my card. He has written to me lately to say he has to produce the card as proof every time he tells the story of the extraordinary coincidence of meeting — GEORGE PARKER, 46 Heath Drive, Raynes Park, London, S.W.20.

Tale of a Car

IN 1936 MY HUSBAND bought a second-hand Austin Seven for £33. It was a 1931 model and he ran it until 1940. From then until recently it stood in the open in all weathers. It looked like so much scrap iron when we gave it away to a relative.

He worked on it and finally sold it for £75. Since then it has passed to another buyer for £90.—MRS. W. D. CLAYE, 511 Bloxwich Road, Leamore, Walsall, Staffs.

A Doctor Tells

RECENTLY IT HAS BEEN increasingly apparent that concern for his wife and family has been one of the chief causes of the soldier's illness and worry. Everyone is agreed that the age-and-length-of service principle of demobilization is a fair one, but is it not time that some consideration was given to the problems of the married soldier who has in many cases been parted from his wife soon after marriage?

When conscription applies mainly to youths of eighteen, this question will not arise but, in the meantime, could not earlier release be arranged for the married man who has had war service?

I am sure that much happiness would result and the community would benefit.—ARMY DOCTOR, c/o Standard Bank of Africa, Nairobi, Kenya.

The Gentle Touch

OVER A PERIOD of six years—ever since we started letting rooms—we have discovered that women are far more addicted to stealing than men.

Among other things, we have lost three one-pound notes, two pairs of sheets, a cut-glass trinket set, and knives and forks galore. Not once have we had cause to suspect a male thief.—W. S., Dovercourt, Essex.

Licked

IT'S ALL VERY WELL having special Victory stamps, but those who have to lick them and stick them on hundreds of envelopes will be glad when the double size finishes.—GEORGE MAWDSLEY, JR., 26 Sandon Street, Thatto Heath, St. Helens, Lancs.

Major Threat

AN EMPLOYEE WHOM I KNOW recently received a circular from the dairy department of the Barnsley British Co-operative Society threatening him with the sack if he loses customers. The note reads:

"I expect every employee to see that at least his or her present registrations are renewed with this department. It has come to my knowledge that some are being refused. Any reduction or loss of trade on any round will cause the dismissal of that employee. Let this be clearly understood. We ARE NOT going to lose any trade. I expect it to INCREASE."

This letter is signed "A. E. Wilson, Major, F.R.S.A., Dairy Manager." Just sign me — READER, Barnsley, Yorks. (Name and address of reader and employee enclosed.)

(Guinea sent to charity as requested—to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1.)

Two Generations Late

"WHAT VIRTUES would you like in your future husband or wife?" was the question readers were asked to answer in a local newspaper competition. I sent in my letter and it was published in the winning list. Soon afterwards I received a letter from a lady in a distant town. She liked my views and wondered, if I were single, whether I would drop her a line.

I sent her the names and addresses of three of my grandsons—I am seventy-four.—"AULD SANDY," Fife. (Name and address enclosed.)

Parochial B.B.C.

TO ANY BRITON WHO is not a Londoner, the B.B.C. is a constant source of annoyance. Almost the whole country is forgotten in the constant references to London.

In Town Tonight could be equally interesting if it dealt with Manchester, Glasgow or Birmingham. Apparently the B.B.C. thinks London is the only place of consequence in the country.—R. G. REILLY, R.A.F., Chaklala, SEAC.

Speed Killers

THE INCREASE OF ROAD accidents shows that the Government policy in spending £250,000 on propaganda has been a failure. Why? Because, humanity being what it is, a man becomes a potential killer once he is behind the wheel of a car or lorry. Speed is his trigger.

When it is realized that a car travels twenty-six feet in two-fifths of a second at thirty miles an hour, it can be seen how much chance a pedestrian has of escape. Until the Government considers the plan issued by the Pedestrians' Association there will be no end to the wicked waste of life.—EDWIN PATERSON, 9 Burton Street, Cartwright Gardens, London, W.C.1.

"Now don't go telling everyone we've only just arrived"

Homework

WHY CANNOT ALL single-handed housewives be classed as manual workers? How can a morning spent in washing

"Sedentary jobs?"

clothes, dishes and floors be described as anything but manual work?

Are furniture polishing, bed-making, window cleaning and coal-fetching properly described as sedentary jobs?—SALLY SHRIMPTON, Castle Bank, Knighton, Radnorshire.

No Welsh Oaths

FOLLOWING YOUR READER'S letter on the increase in swearing, I must say that, during the war, I heard some choice English swear words but I cannot think of any equivalent Welsh oaths.

I have been transferred from Wales to a factory job in the Midlands and the other day, when I was stacking meat safes, one fell on my head. I wanted to swear but could not do so, in the few English words I had adopted, because there were youngsters about. And I had to admit myself beaten when I tried to swear in Welsh. The equivalents of devil, hell and swine were all I could think of. — MISS H. M., Worcester. (Name and address enclosed.)

Comparatively harmless English words are regarded as much stronger oaths in Welsh. The colloquial expletive "Diawlmato!" ("May the devil eat me") should be vigorous enough for Miss H. M.

While There's Life . . .

THE LETTER SIGNED "SINBAD," from a reader who said that he would end his wife's suffering if she became a cancer victim, distressed me.

Nine years ago our doctor and a specialist in women's diseases informed me that my mother was suffering from a malignant growth. They gave her two months to live. I did not tell her.

She is still alive and as fit as a fiddle. While mistakes like this are possible, no one should give up hope. — SAILOR, Dublin. (Name and address enclosed.)

Wonderful Time

WHEN I WAS A BOY OF TEN, twenty-eight years ago, I lost a watch in the garden. About two years ago when I was sleeping in my Anderson shelter I dreamt I found it while digging. The dream came true a few days ago.

I was taking the shelter down and I found the watch. It was four in the afternoon and the hands of the watch pointed to that time. — A. LUMSDEN, 294 Sherrard Road, London, E.12.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

The two Stephens children mix with all nationalities at Santa Monica Public School. Their education is free although Bill Stephens earns £12 a week

HOW AMERICA LIVES

THEY'LL BE GOOD MIXERS

The first article in this series on family life in America described the Californian home which Bill Stephens found waiting for him after he was demobilized from the army. Now comes the story of his children's education

by ROLAND WILD

WHEN YOUNG BILL AND GARELL STEPHENS eventually make up their mind to get to school they clip out of Number 1213B in Fourteenth Street, Santa Monica, at a fine speed. They feel free after being cooped up in their home—two rooms and a kitchen in half the house. They race each other and decide after two blocks that they have plenty of time for playing cops and robbers round the palm trees.

Eventually they reach school with ten seconds to spare before the flag-raising ceremony begins.

Bill, aged nine, and Garell, aged six, are in the benevolent maw of an education system that aims, according to Mr. Percy R. Davis, the school's superintendent for Santa Monica, at producing a citizen "competent and able to serve in a democracy."

Bill and Garell first went to Santa Monica Public School at the age of four and a half, when they sat on the floor most of the day playing with complicated bricks and wooden structures, and painted careless scrawls with wide strokes in many colours.

There was no disciplining into orderly ranks in the kindergarten except during the flag-saluting ceremony. Teachers bent over backwards to avoid denting the Stephens personalities.

From that early age they shared wooden bricks with wire-haired piccaninnies and oriental children with wide eyes. The only discipline was tolerance and tidiness. At five and a half they moved to the next classroom with the big blue rug where the finest equipment in America taught them to add two and two.

School for Nine Years

There were flowers on the tables and the children were expected to admire them, know their names, and give an opinion on how they should be arranged.

The result is that young America, in the public gardens and on the sidewalks where every man's garden is open, never steals a flower or tramples on a neighbour's grass.

This building with the high wire fence takes care of Bill and Garell for six years. They will go on to Junior High for three years and then, at the age of thirteen and a half, to Senior High for three years, after which they are free to take a job or go on to the City College for industrial training for two years.

They are out of the way of Mrs. Stephens all day for nine years except for the Christmas fortnight, the Easter fortnight, and from half-way through June to half-way through September.

The fortnight's holiday at Christmas and Easter is considered long enough by most parents.

Right through the American school system there is insistence only on the teaching of the obvious subjects, reading, writing, arithmetic, American history and geography. Great stress is laid on the production of a citizen who can mix with any community.

Let Them Sink or Swim

"There is this difference between the American and the English system as I see it," said Mr. Davis. "We go in for all-round development of the child, his social and spiritual growth, though I do not think we neglect his academic knowledge. I find that English children who come to American schools can often beat the American child at academic subjects, but are not such good mixers.

"We want to produce a considerate and competent person, fit to live in a democracy. Throw them all in together and let them sink or swim—that's our policy. We have to do it to produce the right type in our kind of country. After all, some morons at school go out into the world and get on fine."

Somehow it all sounded realistic and down-to-earth. Especially as Mr. Davis was talking of a school from which five hundred little Americans would go into real estate, the grocery business, fruit farming and touting for night-clubs and be subject to the periodic waves of depression and prosperity which catch a nation up in their claws and mangle it, irrespective of this schooling business.

The staff looking after the future machinery of Bill and Garell's brain in Santa Monica elementary school numbers eighteen teachers, a principal called Miss Lietzau, a nurse, a librarian, a cafe staff, two custodians and a beautiful clerk.

Most of the five hundred boys and girls are fed at the school. Usually it is found that they bring their own luncheons at first, or choose expensive and ill-balanced meals at the cafeteria.

But the cafe puts on a ninepenny lunch that is balanced for diet by innumerable experts, and it is a source of pride to Miss Lietzau that most children get the habit of taking this lunch.

The classes average twenty-five children.

The school building was re-modelled in 1936, and is an affair of wide windows, silent-floored corridors, cleanliness and immense playgrounds.

Tradition is Absent

The age and ivy-clad tradition of the English schoolroom is absent, and absent, too, is the age and ivy-clad mind of the English schoolmarm occasionally met with. California's children get their education from rouged lips and from under a fortnightly hair-do.

Busiest room is the theatre, parquet-floored and with sloping rows of seats, where on the stage the children are invited to produce "creative rhythm" on the subjects they have learnt. I was unable completely to understand how this works, or how the "competent, democratic citizen" is produced by making him create rhythm out of the main rivers of the United States or the names of the Presidents, but Miss Lietzau assured me that some very satisfactory results, with dressing up and dancing, are seen on the stage of the theatre.

All this, from kindergarten to the end of the City College course, costs £50 a child, half of which is borne by the State and half by taxes on Santa Monica property.

Talking to young Bill Stephens, and to Bobby Jones, whose parents are English and whose mother swam the English Channel, and to Harold Page and other self-confident young Americans, I found that the system certainly produced good mixers.

They were frankly interested in being interviewed, though disappointed that nothing more dramatic than a story of their own school would be the result. They side-tracked questions about themselves and asked questions about us.

Learning with His Ears

Bill answered general knowledge questions about America with ease but was backward in reading according to English standards. He had a large-type book suitable for a boy four years his junior.

But radio is his chief entertainer. From the programmes he gets all he wants in the world—science and drama and murder and quiz and comedy, travel and prizes and song and adventure. He is a boy who is learning with his ears more than with his eyes.

Bill and Garell are the favoured ones of the American school system. Back in South Dakota, where the family came from, and in the prairies and the whistle-stop towns, there isn't always the same type of school-teacher, for though the rates of pay are similar, school-mistresses are human and like the palms and the surf and the holiday atmosphere of Santa Monica as much as anyone else.

In the backwoods it's a long way to school, and there are less playing fields and less parquet floors; less fascinating equipment and perhaps fewer visits from the hierarchy of the education board.

But the principle is the same. They are making American citizens here, fit for a country that is sentimental about children, callous about them, too tolerant towards them, frightened of stunting their often anti-social tendencies, tough one moment to them and sweetly-weak the next.

NEXT WEEK:
The Summer Holiday.

HURRY! Last 26 Free Holidays

Meet Mr. and Mrs. N. Beatson, of Wakefield, seen enjoying themselves at Bournemouth as *John Bull's* guests. "It was the best holiday we've ever had," declared "Bulleteer" Beatson.

Today comes your final opportunity to follow this year's Holiday Winners to the seaside. Cash and Holiday Prizes value over £1,000 await the best *Bullets* posted by Tuesday, August 6. Your coupon is waiting. The seaside is waiting. Why are *you* waiting?

HOLIDAY WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,536

FIRST PRIZE, £250 and Holiday:

H. H. L. Potter, 68 Sydenham Place, Bradford: **Fate Was Kind And—Picked *Me* "For England."**

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Holiday: R. Parkin, 3 Deansbrook Road, Edgware: **Nothing To Do—Lived For—Died Of!** THIRD PRIZE, £25 and Holiday: J. Smithies, 19 Clement Street, Bradford: **Now They're Demobbed—Finding Time's "Marched," Too.** FOURTH PRIZE, £20 and Holiday: T. Atkins, 13 Civil Resettlement Unit, Caerphilly: **After A Holiday—"Gathering Threads" —Repairing "Stocking."** FIFTH PRIZE, £15 and Holiday: R. Pickengill, 7 Kenmore Crescent, Ryton, Co. Durham: **One Little Village—But "All The World——."**

£10 WINNERS: W. L. Banks, 126 Gray Street, Broughty Ferry, Dundee: **Nothing To Me—World's Ills—*Wife's* Ill.** F. Ewins, 41 Queen's Road, Knowle, Bristol: **Gone For Ever—New Maid—With Geyser!** F. C. Harris, 2 Hartley Cottages, Leckhampton, Cheltenham: **Brighter Cricket—Until Dad Removed Blazer!** Mrs. K. Mazzeo, 20 Wortley Avenue, Trowell, Notts.: **Ripe Old Age—If "Energy" Not Abused.** J. N. McDonnell, Kilsaran, Dundalk, Co. Louth: **Gone For Ever—Our Dead—Our Dread?** F. J. Norton, "Belle Vue," Belmont Crescent, Swindon: **My Pay Packet—Another "Stimulant" That's "Overtaxed."** G. J. O'Neill, 5 Gwenllian Terrace, Treforest: **Now They're Out—Things *They'd* Have Done!** G. Thompson, 42 Chapel Road, Billingham, Co. Durham: **Now They're Rationing—Bread, Foreman's "Manual Worker"!**

50 Prizes of £1 and 1,500 New Prizes have been posted to winners.

OVER £1,000 in FINAL HOLIDAY PRIZES

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Last 26 Free Holidays

£500 plus Holiday; £50 plus Holiday; £25 plus Holiday; 10 of £10 each plus Holiday; 50 of £1; 1,500 New Prizes.

Note:—Holiday Prize consists of week's free Hotel Accommodation for Two, arranged at Seaside Resort of your choice by Cook's Travel Service.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

WE MUST HAVE PEACE, SO
TO SAVE BREAD
MANKIND'S BURDEN
PLEASE, MR. STRACHEY
ON HOLIDAY
KING SOL
NEW ENERGY
BEFORE AND AFTER
KIND WORDS
SEASIDE ROMEO
TO START WITH
IDLE
TELEVISION'S WONDERFUL, BUT
GETTING FUSSY
MAN OF HER DREAMS

AT THE STATION
TASTY MORSEL
IN THE LIMELIGHT
FEELING THE PINCH
AUNTIE v. LANDLADY

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

TO-MORROW'S.....
UP TO THE.....
CHANGED HER.....
WHAT.....LACKS
PLACE FOR.....
NOT A BAD.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,540 (or XWORD 492); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

Stick 2½d. stamp here and address this label if requiring copy of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated Aug. 17

BULLETIN & GAZETTE LABEL—17-8-46

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

1,540 Special Holiday Closing Postmark, TUES., AUG. 6

I agree to rules and enclose

P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit —the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated August 24, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 488 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Whip. 2, Palm. 6, Wagers. 8, Inert. 10, Ire. 11, Oven. 14, Wet. 15, Bells. DOWN: 3, Mule. 4, Top. 5, Meat. 7, Sheep. 9, Pony. 12, Crab. 13, Lets.

£100 SHARERS: E. Jones, Market Drayton; A. C. Lacey, Southampton; Mrs. J. H. Lindsay, Childwall; T. Pinfield, Tettenhall; Mrs. C. Reid, Edinburgh; W. Thomas, Chepstow.

Runners-up Award (£25 cash) shared between 21 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive 4 lb. Fruit Cakes in addition.

XWORD CASH AND PENS

Up to 50 Fountain-pens for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes value 10s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Pens—£100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up.

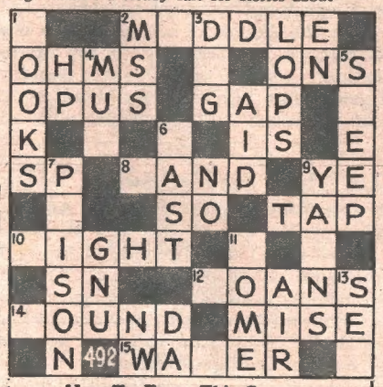
Post your Square below by special holiday date, Tuesday, August 6.

Across Clues.

2. To say the British merely do this and to leave it at that is unfair
8. First-class conductor gets a good one
10. A bowler isn't likely to get
12. Lead to still further depression
14. Committee member can deliberately make a proposal to do this
15. Those who couldn't get this have been glad of ice

Down Clues.

1. Should be placed with a nice taste
3. One sometimes unearths treasure in garden
4. May swell bookie's winnings
5. Old shepherd isn't likely to find strange one on grazing slopes
6. Applied to Asia, this word may be fitting
7. Few people indeed ever forget dose of
9. Spread like a plague despite efforts to suppress them
11. When Italian prisoners were freed, great many made for
13. There's a steady sale for stories about



How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending only Square with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, TUES., AUG. 6

492

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

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.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Ordered to Leave

"This house and the furniture belong to my wife. We have had quarrels and she has told me that she intends to sell or let the house furnished in order to get rid of me. I have told her that I don't intend to walk out—if I do so I shall be guilty of desertion. What is my legal position?"

✓ Your wife cannot order you to leave the house. You have a right to live with her as long as there is no separation order made against you. But if, by her conduct, she compels you to leave her, she would be guilty of desertion and you would not have to maintain her.

Wood or Concrete

"I have erected a garage for a small car on my allotment, and find that I have to pay rates on it. A friend tells me that rates are only paid on a garage with a concrete floor, whereas mine is wood."

✓ You are liable to pay rates for the garage whether the floor is made of concrete or wood, provided that it is not of a "wholly temporary" nature.

Wife's Earnings

"Both my wife and I are working and pay our own taxes. I am now informed that I owe £7 10s. on my wife's earnings. We live together but work in different towns."

✓ The tax tables gave both you and your wife the benefit of paying on the first £165 of taxable income at the lower rate, but you are only entitled to this relief jointly. You have, therefore, to pay the difference.

When a man's income is such that he is liable to pay some of the tax at the full rate, it is often necessary to make these adjustments at the end of the income tax year.

Post-war Credits

"I paid income tax from 1940 to 1946 and have post-war credit certificates for 1941-42 and for 1942-43. I have been told that I should have more. Is this so?"

✓ You should be entitled in due course to post-war credits for 1944-45 and 1945-46, but certificates for these years have not yet been issued. It is unlikely that you are entitled to a credit for 1943-44 as you probably had a remission of more than half of your original tax liability for that year.

Motor Cycle Deal

"Some weeks ago I ordered a motor cycle from a local dealer and was told to expect delivery in two weeks. He agreed to give me a price on my present machine in part exchange. I also paid £10 deposit.

"The dealer now informs me that the new machine will not be available for another ten weeks. I want to cancel the order and have my deposit returned, but the dealer will not do this unless I let him have my present machine at the agreed price at some future date. Has he the right to refuse cancellation except on these terms?"

✓ As the agreed time for delivery was two weeks I see no reason why you should not cancel the order and demand the return of your deposit. The dealer has no right to compel you to complete the deal over your old machine as this was part of the original contract. If you have further difficulty I advise you to consult a solicitor.

Money Gift

"Would a present of £50 be liable to income tax? And would such a gift be counted as unearned income?"

✓ A gift of money is not liable to income tax. If, however, it is really a reward for services rendered, it is assessed as earned income.

No Rent Paid

"For forty-two years I have lived in a house belonging to my brother and have never paid any rent. I got married last year and my brother says we shall have to pay £1 a week, although for other similar houses he charges only 9s. 7d. We have been told to quit. Can we be turned out?"

✓ If you have never paid rent for the house you can be compelled to quit at any time. If the house has never been let before, the rent asked from you as first tenant would constitute the standard rent.

Claim of Arrears

"Recently my landlady gave me notice to quit this house and refused to accept rent which I tendered each week. After a court hearing, in which she was granted two rooms, my rent was reduced from 12s. to 6s., which she is accepting. Can she claim the rent which she refused after giving me notice to quit?

"If I leave the house shall I have to lose vegetables which I have planted in the garden?"

✓ The arrears of rent (previously refused) can be recovered by the landlady. I am afraid you will have to leave the garden produce where it is, but you may be able to come to a fair agreement with the landlady on the subject.

A SQUARE DEAL

"Thank you very much for the square deal you gave me," writes Mr. G. N. Robinson of Long Eaton in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance when his home was flooded through a recent storm.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, HOUSEBREAKING, etc.

MAKE A DATE

SEPT 1

with

SEROCALCIN!

Regd.

Hundreds of thousands of regular users start Serocalcin on the 1st of September. They take two Serocalcin tablets daily for 30 days, and many of them enjoy immunity from colds *during the following three months.*

If you suffer from colds during the Winter "make a date" with Serocalcin on 1st September.

The full immunizing course of Serocalcin (60 tablets) costs 8/5½ inc. tax. Your Doctor—or any Chemist—will tell you how Serocalcin is used for the prevention and treatment of colds.

Serocalcin is made by Harwoods Laboratories Ltd. at Watford, Herts.

Why your help is needed

It is not surprising that from an army of four and a half millions there should come many cases of hardship that cannot be met by Government relief.

The Army Benevolent Fund, by grants to service institutions, helps to provide the assistance that such people so sorely need. It looks to you for the means.

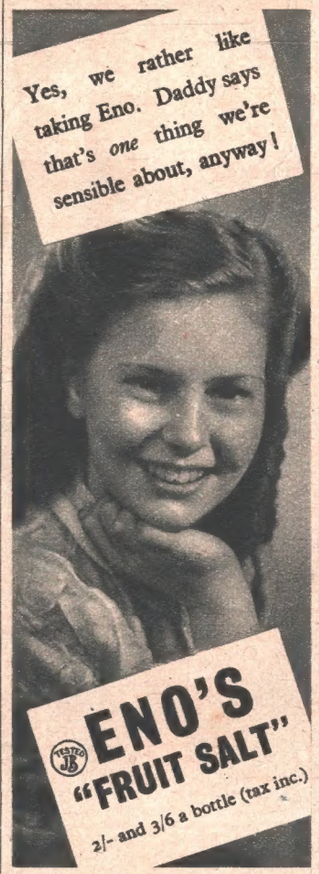
It would be an affront to the dignity of men, women and children who are suffering—and to your own—to appeal to your pity. Please give all you can, out of gratitude for "services rendered."

SUPPORT THE ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND

PATRON H. M. THE KING

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

Donations payable to The Army Benevolent Fund may be sent to Field-Marshal The Earl of Cavan, 20, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, or paid into any Bank in Great Britain or Northern Ireland.


Yes, we rather like taking Eno. Daddy says that's *one* thing we're sensible about, anyway!
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

Marvels of Modern Aviation

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Aircraft Engines described and illustrated by experts!

HERE is a great 512-page work, written by twelve expert technicians, and illustrated with over 800 diagrams. This book is not only of inestimable value to military and civil aircraft ground engineers and air cadets—its detailed diagrams and descriptions will be of absorbing interest to many interested in the marvels of modern flight.

It explains how aircraft engines are designed—how they run—what they need—and how they are kept in order. It answers many "whys" and "whats" in reference to the mysteries of flight. *Look at just a few of the interesting things in this book*—**why Bristol engines can be opened up almost immediately. Types of aero engines, including Gipsy 12, Merlin II, Mercury, Pegasus, Cheetah X, etc., and their construction; secrets of blind flying; what is the meaning of "aerofoil"? How the air-speed indicator works; marvels of the instrument panel; why many types of airscrews are necessary; how automatic mixture control works; why is a thrust bearing necessary—and how does it work? How is height recorded? Etc., etc.**

For this work, which is strongly bound in Blue Bookcloth, with title in gold on spine, send only 6/6, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. DO THIS NOW. Complete Order Labels below and post with Postal Order for 6/6 to Odhams Press Ltd., "Aeronautical Engineering," Book Dept. J.X.1, 49 Neal Street, London, W.C.2. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. All applications must be received by not later than August 8. Offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be clearly stated on labels.

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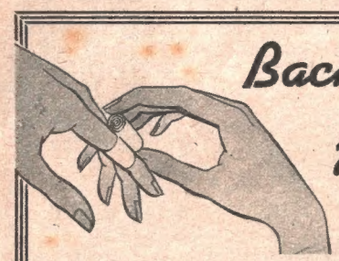

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Three widths: 1" 6d.; 2" 1/-; 3" 1/6; all 4 yards long

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THE ANTISEPTIC SELF-ADHESIVE BANDAGE

Sticks to itself but not to the skin

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